

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

VOL. XLI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1927.

No. 19

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	623
PARITY IN INCOMPETENCE	626
LESSONS OF THE CONFERENCE	627
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. From a Correspondent	628
PUBLICITY AND PUBLIC UTILITIES. By J. L.	629
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa	630
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Britain as a Rentier (R. H. Brand); Britain and America and War (Archibald J. Campbell); Parity (Gabriel Wells); A Plea for the Dawes Plan (E. F. Jeal); "Mother India" (Femina); Greyhound Racing (J. L. Hammond); These Jestings Pilates (M. M. C.); The New Regent Street (A. Trystan Edwards); Wireless for the Blind (Henry J. Wagg); The Marriage Laws (A Sufferer)	631-634
BLAKE. By Professor George Saintsbury	634
NERVES AND MUSCLES. VII.—THE SENSE ORGANS. By Professor A. V. Hill, F.R.S.	635
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron	637
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:— "A Filthy Little Atheist." By Leonard Woolf	638
REVIEWS:— The Light Ages. By Eileen Power	639
Wholesome Holiday Fiction	640
Shipping in Wartime	640
Macedon. By Arnold J. Toynbee	641
Travel and Travellers	642
Bosch—and Mr. Roger Fry	643
Princes and Troubadours. By Herbert E. Palmer	643
BOOKS IN BRIEF	644
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS	644
THE OWNER-DRIVER. By Rayner Roberts	646
FINANCIAL SECTION:— The Week in the City	646

THE NATION is edited and published at 38, Great James Street, W.C.1. Annual Subscription, Thirty Shillings, including postage to any part of the world. Communications should be accompanied by stamped envelope for return.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE twelve days' respite granted to Sacco and Vanzetti, to enable the Courts to consider the motions and petitions put forward by the defence, leaves the issue of this extraordinary drama still in suspense. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the case is the world-wide excitement which it has aroused during the past week, marked by an orgy of bomb-throwing in the United States and in distant countries, and by demonstrations in such dissimilar cities as London, Sydney, Buenos Aires, and Casablanca. The more excited demonstrations—those which have provided the newspaper copy—have been the work of the extremists of the Left, the devotees of "class warfare" throughout the world; and, to illustrate their character and temper, we cannot do better than quote the speech delivered in Hyde Park on Wednesday evening by our own Mr. A. J. Cook:—

"I warn you, I warn America," declared Mr. Cook, as reported by the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, "that if they

murder these two men we shall get even with them. I ask you to take off your hats and pledge yourselves to get even. I am not anti-American, but anti-capitalist. We must boycott America. This is one of the most solemn moments of my life. We are here pleading almost without hope for the lives of two men who are innocent. The American Government stands in the dock charged with the foulest crime in civilization. British justice is no different from American justice. I am more concerned with the results of the execution if it takes place than with the murder itself. If America kills these two men it will be murder—and we shall reply—and we shall repay."

* * *

Interest in the case and a disposition to become indignant with America are, however, by no means confined to the extreme Left. Signor Mussolini has avowed himself deeply shocked, and has announced that he has done everything within his power to save the condemned men. Throughout the Continent a wave of anti-American feeling is reported. We confess that we are not so impressed, as perhaps we ought to be, by these manifestations of the public conscience. We are rather disposed to regard them as a theme for the satirist, an illustration of how narrow is the line which divides virtuous indignation from hypocrisy. That the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti was a miscarriage of justice, under the influence of "anti-Red" hysteria, seems to us, on the facts as they are known to us, highly probable, while the fact that every application for appeal or retrial had to run the gauntlet of Judge Thayer, is a reflection on the judicial system of Massachusetts. But of what country can it be said that such miscarriages of justice are impossible? Certainly not of Great Britain, where Oscar Slater is still serving a life sentence for a murder, his innocence of which must be less open to doubt than the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti. And will anybody seriously suggest that Italy and Russia are incapable of putting men to death on far more slender evidence?

* * *

What is peculiar about the Sacco and Vanzetti affair, what has given this case its world-wide renown and distinguishes it from our own Oscar Slater case or the almost routine miscarriages of justice in Italy or Russia, is entirely creditable to the United States. It is the passion for justice and the amazing dauntlessness in the pursuit of justice of that body of American citizens who have taken up the case for the defence. But for the efforts of these men, most of whom have no sympathy whatever with the opinions of the convicted men, Sacco and Vanzetti would have been executed long ago, and neither Mr. A. J. Cook nor Signor Mussolini would have heard of them. The force which has kept them alive so far and may, we hope, still secure their release is a force which a Communist normally sneers at as "bourgeois ideology," and a Fascist sneers at as decadent Liberal ideology. The conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti may be, as we think it is, a grave reflection on the capacity of the average

man to do justice when he is under the influence of strong political passion. But the stir which the case has caused will be to the lasting honour of the American people.

* * *

The Three-Power Conference at Geneva has finally broken down, on the refusal of the Americans to accept either an Anglo-Japanese compromise, based on the revised British proposals, or the suggestion for fixed programmes over a term of years. The final session was devoted to official apologies by the three leading delegates. Mr. Bridgeman confined himself to a recapitulation of the British case. Mr. Gibson made a fighting speech which has brought him into collision with Lord Balfour and Lord Jellicoe on questions of fact. Admiral Saito expressed his conviction that continuous study of the problem must go on, even after the failure of the Conference, until a basis of agreement is reached. We deal elsewhere with what seem to us to be the lessons of this lamentable fiasco. Some of them have already been suggested by General Dawes, in his speech at the opening of the Niagara Peace Bridge. Speaking in very guarded language, as becomes a possible candidate for the Presidency, General Dawes asked whether the failure of the Conference might not be attributed to the too exclusive preoccupation of each nation with its own needs, to the lack of preliminary examination of the problem, and to the introduction of concrete figures at too early a stage of the discussions. These questions we have tried to answer in our leading articles. The prospects of all-round armament limitation will depend very much on how they are answered by Governments and peoples.

* * *

Lord Balfour's speech at Whittingehame last Saturday, in which he replied to Mr. Gibson, was one of the most perfect utterances in his long career. In tone, temper, phrasing, and argument it was the speech of a man at the height of his powers—a truly remarkable effort from a statesman in his eightieth year. On the point at issue between himself and Mr. Gibson—as to whether he had accepted a cruiser-allowance of 450,000 tons at the Washington Conference—Lord Balfour quoted from his speech in 1922, and a reference to the full report of the Conference conclusively confirms his account of the transaction. It was when he turned to the broader aspects of the discussion, however, that Lord Balfour gave the most delightful example of his urbane debating powers. Take, for instance, this metaphor:—

"For our American friends to turn round and point to our coaling stations, and say, 'Look what superiority that gives you over us,' is as if an able-bodied man were to meet a cripple and say, 'Look at this fellow. He is a most formidable fellow. There he is. I am unarmed, and he has got a crutch.' Our coaling stations are our crutch."

If Lord Balfour had been our spokesman at Geneva, we should at least have had the British case put lucidly and well.

* * *

It is a singular example of the irony of history that the opening of the Peace Bridge at Niagara should coincide with the break-down of the Geneva Conference. The century of peace, to which this bridge stands as a memorial, has its basis in the Rush-Bagot Treaty which established a parity in unpreparedness. For over a hundred years the security of the United States and Canada has depended on the fact that there were no fortifications on the longest frontier in the world; no warships on the Great Lakes whose traffic is vital to both countries. The "Trent" affair of 1861; the more recent Venezuelan crisis, might have taken a very

different turn if there had been garrisons to be reinforced and ships to be brought into commission as precautionary measures. It would be silly to press the contrast with Geneva too far. Obviously it is easier for two Powers to dispense with armaments that could only be used against each other, than for three Powers to agree on the limitation of armaments required for general purposes of defence or diplomatic influence. Nevertheless, the Rush-Bagot Treaty remains an outstanding illustration of the fact that the boldest, most imaginative, and most idealistic policy may prove also the most realistic and the most practical.

* * *

The decision of Mr. De Valera's Republican Party to take the oath of allegiance and enter the Dail changes the whole aspect of Irish politics and creates a situation full of perilous interest. The Republicans exactly equal the Government Party in voting strength, each having forty-five members. It is stated that an arrangement has been reached between the Republicans and the Labour Party to turn the Government out and put Labour into office. This end cannot be achieved, however, without the consent of Captain Redmond's National League, or of the Farmers Party. Labour holds twenty-two seats, the Farmers eleven, the National League eight, and the House is completed by fourteen Independents. It is probable that Mr. Cosgrave will retain the support of the Farmers and a majority of the Independents, and, if he does so, the balance will be held by Captain Redmond who thus attains a position of great potential importance, in spite of the smallness of his following. Mr. Thomas Johnson, the Labour leader, is a man of sagacity and great parliamentary gifts, but his qualities will be severely tested if he takes office in these circumstances.

* * *

The alleged revelations made by Dr. Förster, in a German review called *DIE MENSCHEN*, have created a great stir in the French Press. Dr. Förster stated that a number of influential officers of the Reichswehr recently met and discussed an elaborate plan for expanding the Reichswehr and increasing its reserves of men and material. The Reichswehr Ministry and the headquarters of the Steel Helmet organization deny that any such meeting was held, and assert that the two officers chiefly implicated have never met one another at all. The impression remains that, although Dr. Förster may have been misled as to details, some such project has been under consideration by the hot-headed section of the Reichswehr officers. The plan was evidently conceived and expounded in the true German Headquarters style, which Bernhardt, Ludendorff, and von Holtzendorff have made so familiar and so unmistakable. As an expression of the pious hopes of a number of officers who are interested in their professional duties, and would like to see them increased in scope and importance, the plan seems admirable; as an outline of military policy it is impracticable to a degree. Its basic hypothesis is that League supervision of German armaments will be no supervision at all. Technical Commissions appointed by the League are not usually lacking either in zeal or professional capacity, and once this is realized, the whole crazy structure crumbles.

* * *

Certain sections of the French Press have, however, criticized the German Reichswehr and its plans for the future on the basis of budget expenditure. It is clear that the votes for the defence services have increased during the last few years; but there is obviously no relation between a budget increase of 243 million marks, and a project for a standing army of 460,000 men—the

substance of the plan that so alarmed Dr. Förster. Further, the cost of the modern Reichswehr cannot be compared with that of the old Imperial army. The Reichswehr is recruited by voluntary enlistment, and a voluntary army can only be kept up to strength by making the pay and conditions attractive. The increases in the army and navy votes are, in fact, largely allocated to pay, subsistence, and barracks. As such they are probably necessary; no sane person would have volunteered for service in the old Imperial army.

From the standpoint of British industry, the most important—and the most welcome—recent event is the reduction of Bank rate in New York from 4 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which was announced on Thursday of last week. This has already had the effect of raising the sterling-dollar exchange materially; and it therefore probably ensures the end of the unfavourable gold movements of the past few months, and averts the danger—which was becoming acute—of a rise in Bank rate here. The Federal Reserve Banks are accustomed, of course, to raise and lower their rates at intervals, in accordance with changing circumstances; but there is reason to suspect hopefully that more than the usual significance attaches to last week's reduction. There is nothing in the American domestic situation which would have indicated a reduction, on the principles on which the New York Bank has acted hitherto; and, as it follows hard on the informal conferences between the Governors of the Central Banks, it is permissible to guess that it may mark a change in American policy, which should greatly ease the situation in Europe.

Hitherto the Federal Reserve Bank authorities have kept credit conditions so tight, despite their superabundant reserves of gold, that commodity prices have fallen considerably during the last few years. They have in effect pursued a deflationary policy; and they have done this because of the prevailingly buoyant tendencies of the stock markets, in which they have detected signs of danger. We may say, with essential accuracy, that they have been trying to stabilize the price-level, but that they have included in the price-level as an integral ingredient, the prices of stocks and shares; and, as stock prices have been rising, commodity prices have had to fall. This policy is open to criticism on purely domestic grounds; the rise in the prices of stocks reflects a genuine increase in American productivity, and does not seem to have gone further than is fully justified by this consideration. For Europe and Great Britain in particular, the pursuit of this policy has been a serious misfortune. By returning to the gold standard we imposed on ourselves the awkward necessity of adjusting our price-level to the lower level of gold prices, and we have found that this lower level has tended constantly to fall, thus making the task more difficult. Nothing accordingly could be more welcome than the assurance, if we can entertain it, that the deflationary tendency will no longer continue.

In an article in June we emphasized the importance of the question of the future of the world price level, and the seriousness of the danger that the sagging tendency of recent years might persist; and we urged the need for an attempt to give effect to the policy of the Genoa Conference—co-operation between the leading Central Banks with a view to stabilizing the level of prices. It is fair, we think, to regard the meeting of the Governors which has since taken place as a tentative application of the Genoa policy. It seems highly probable that the Federal Reserve Bank authorities

have been influenced by the views expressed by the European bankers, and have taken international considerations into account in the new policy which the step last week suggests. It is a curious commentary, however, on the way the world is managed that it should be necessary to grope in the dark and guess, as best one can, on the basis of the most slender data, on matters of the first importance to our economic future.

The quarrel, which we recorded last week, between the British delegation and the Continental delegates to the International Trade Union Congress, meeting in Paris, developed during the concluding sessions into something like an open breach. On the Friday, M. Oudegeest, the Dutch Secretary, resigned, and it looked as though the British delegates were likely to be successful in their attempt to break up the official clique in control of the machine. On Sunday, however, it became clear that Mr. Purcell, who has been President of the Congress since 1924, had so far alienated the sympathy of the gathering by his Communistic presidential address that he could not secure re-election. Mr. Purcell, nevertheless, refused to withdraw his candidature, and his British colleagues seem to have thought that loyalty required that they should persist in nominating him for the executive. A curious scene ensued. Switzerland nominated Mr. George Hicks in place of Mr. Purcell. Mr. Hicks refused to stand. Herr Leipart, speaking on behalf of Germany, Sweden, Holland, and Denmark, insisted that Mr. Hicks's name should go forward, as they were anxious for a British representative, but could not support Mr. Purcell. The British delegation then withdrew in anger; Mr. Hicks was duly elected, and Mr. Purcell received only one vote. It will rest, presumably, with the British T.U.C. to decide whether Mr. Hicks shall take his seat.

The death this week of General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippines, removes the last survivor of the Roosevelt epoch in high office. Wood's reputation was made in Cuba, where he was in charge of the reorganization after the Spanish-American War. In later years he was a centre of continual controversy by reason of the too evident fact of his political ambitions. President Wilson was fiercely attacked because when the United States entered the war a command at the front was not given to Leonard Wood. The decision was not Wilson's; the heads of the American Army administration would not have him, any more than they would permit Roosevelt to play his Roughriders' game in Europe. In 1920 General Wood narrowly missed being a favourite for the Republican nomination to the Presidency, but the party managers who chose Warren Harding had no intention of allowing the supreme authority to go to a Rooseveltian soldier. For the last six years of his life Leonard Wood in the Philippines was engaged in undoing the work of Wilson's Governor-General Harrison, who during his eight-years' term had pursued a systematic Filipinizing policy. Wood ruled with a stern hand, was opposed throughout by the Filipino political parties, and was compelled to get along without the aid of the Legislature. The question of the future of the Philippines has once again become a major issue in America. The Coolidge Administration has taken a stand on self-government which may be described as essentially that of Cromer in Egypt twenty years ago. It is assumed in Washington that the main results of Wood's work must stand, but nothing is more certain than that they will be greatly modified.

PARITY IN INCOMPETENCE

IT is highly satisfactory that such cordial expressions of Anglo-American friendship should have followed the failure of the Three-Power Conference at Geneva. The utterances of public men and of the leading newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic will serve, we may trust, to avert both the psychological danger of an atmosphere of estrangement and the concrete danger of an outbreak of acute naval rivalry. But in these praiseworthy attempts to safeguard Anglo-American relations there lurks a pitfall. There is, not unnaturally, a tendency to minimize the importance of international agreement for armament limitation. Indeed, people are now writing and talking as though attempts to reach such agreements were, after all, a great mistake. Here, they say, are two great peoples neither of whom has or suspects the other of any aggressive intentions, and who are both anxious for friendly relations. Geography makes it so difficult for them to fight one another that, within wide limits, there is no reason why either should be perturbed by the armaments which the other chooses to maintain. Yet when they meet to try to draw up an agreement for mutual limitation, it proves impossible to devise a formula which will reconcile their divergent needs. The attempt to do so merely causes a great deal of misunderstanding and recrimination. Would it not be wiser then to avoid such attempts in future? Is not the project of armament limitation one of those well-meaning faddist notions which in practice do incalculable harm?

Such is the moral which we discern, in at least a rudimentary form, in many of the comments on the recent Conference. No moral could be more false or more perilous. If we fail to solve the difficult problem of armament limitation by international agreement it will be fatal, we believe, to the chance of establishing peace on a firm foundation, averting the recurrence of wars far more terrible than the last, and preserving civilization against destruction. As between Britain and the United States, armament competition might be avoided, and good relations might be preserved—though even this is by no means certain—without any formal agreement. But as between the great States of Europe, with their historic antagonisms, their geographical propinquity, their real dangerousness to one another, agreement is, in the long run, an indispensable condition of avoiding armament competition, and the avoidance of armament competition is in the long run an indispensable condition of avoiding war. Agreed armament limitation must remain, therefore, one of the supreme objectives of world statesmanship; and no reassuring utterances about Anglo-American friendship can alter the fact that the failure of the Three-Power Conference is a most deplorable set-back to this most vital cause.

It is, indeed, something more. It is a disgrace to the English-speaking peoples. The very fact that the Conference can fail without seriously disturbing Anglo-American relations is a measure of how easy it should have been for the two peoples to agree. Britain and the United States have no need to be nicely particular about each other's strength. Neither would run any appreciable risk if the formula of parity was so interpreted as to give the other a slightly greater effective power. Why, this is what our public men are busy say-

ing at this moment. Let us listen to Mr. Churchill at Haslemere last Saturday:—

"We have said again and again, we shall take no offence because the United States builds the cruisers she considers she requires. The building of such ships will not cause us alarm or anger, and we cannot conceive that any circumstances will arise in any period of time which it is possible to consider would lead to a deplorable race in armaments between the two countries. . . . I hope that when we say we should not be alarmed by American cruiser programmes, we shall not confine ourselves to pious sentiments, but will prove our confidence and composure by actions that speak louder than words."

These are emphatic words; they have every mark of sincerity. They imply that if the United States should in the next few years build a large number of 10,000-ton cruisers, Mr. Churchill would not have us follow suit, that he would be content and would have us content to be out-built by America. Well, what then is the conclusion? Surely the only sensible conclusion is that we need not haggle too jealously over the way the formula of parity should be interpreted; that while we should urge what seems to us a fair interpretation, we should be ready, for the sake of agreement, to accept an unfair interpretation with perfect equanimity. And surely the moral is the same for the United States. Yet earlier in his speech we find Mr. Churchill, after explaining that, owing to our needs of trade defence, mathematical parity is not the same thing as real equality, using the following words:—

"Therefore, we are not now able—and I trust at no future time—to embody in a solemn international agreement any words which would bind us to the principle of mathematical parity in naval strengths."

But, in the name of common sense, why not, if it does not matter to us how many cruisers the Americans have? Is it the "solemnity" of the document that is the trouble with Mr. Churchill and the Cabinet? Do they refuse to accept as a formula what they are ready to accept as a fact? This seems to be the position; and the position of the Americans seems very similar. We are both subordinating realities to prestige. Never was there so ludicrous an illustration of the essential frivolity of what passes for high statesmanship. The most appropriate comment is that of the *NEW YORK WORLD* that "parity has been attained in incompetence, if not in cruisers."

Assuredly the English-speaking peoples have not set a good example to the rest of the world. The Preparatory Commission of the Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations is due to resume its labours in November. It will not be assisted in its task by the failure of the recent Conference. We must expect, indeed, from now on a tendency to treat it as an inevitable futility, and there will doubtless be suggestions that it would be wise to abandon it or to postpone it to some remote future. All counsels of this nature should be resisted. The cause of armament limitation is pre-eminently a cause in which we must try, try, and try again. We need just now, not to relax, but to redouble our efforts. There is, as we argue in the article which follows, an inherent superiority in the League procedure which entitles us to hope for real progress in the autumn, if in the meantime we can only shake off our apathy, realize the seriousness of the issues which are at stake, and lay to heart the lessons of the present failure, of which the foremost is that if we sincerely desire the limitation of armaments, we must be ready to sacrifice, we and all other nations, not anything of our real security, but something of our pride.

LESSONS OF THE CONFERENCE

WHETHER the Geneva fiasco proves a temporary set-back or a ruinous disaster to the cause of armament limitation depends on whether the three Powers are willing to learn from their mistakes. The prospects are not hopeful. There is much talk of a possible agreement when the Washington Treaty comes up for revision, or of a new Three Power Conference before that date. The League Disarmament Conference is hardly mentioned. Yet the outstanding lesson of Geneva is the superiority of League methods and atmosphere.

Without question, one of the main obstacles to agreement was that, while the United States can afford to think almost entirely in terms of the British Empire and Japan, the British delegates were bound to consider the effect of the American proposals, especially with regard to large cruisers, on the naval programmes of other Powers, not represented at the Conference. Further, the prospect of general limitation would render it far easier for Great Britain at least to make generous concessions, and the experience of many League Conferences, on many subjects, has shown that the greater the number of States represented, the more difficult it is for any individual State to accept responsibility before the world for blocking an agreement by insistence on unreasonable claims.

Apart from this, the actual procedure of the Three Power Conference carried within itself the seeds of failure. The Conference was practically forced on Great Britain, under threat of a big American building programme, while the League Convention was still in draft. It was called together too hurriedly for any preliminary exchange of views. Each Power sprang on the others a ready-made programme, and discussion on the principles and details of agreement went on simultaneously, with the political and technical delegates in joint charge.

The League procedure contemplates three stages in the work: (1) a technical examination of the basis—the main principles—of agreement; (2) the framing of a draft outline convention, on this basis, by the political delegates; (3) the filling in of the schedule, that is the actual allocation of forces to each country, on principles already agreed.

It may be said that the work of the Preparatory Commission showed the difficulty of technical agreement on the principles of limitation. It should have shown, *a fortiori*, the difficulty of discussing principles and their application together. It would have been hard, in any event, to reconcile the American desire for limitation by total tonnage with the British desire for limitation by types and units; but the difficulty was immensely increased by complicating the discussion with definite figures and a weighing of ship against ship. The measure of agreement attained by the League's Technical Sub-Commission was due to the fact that the experts were asked to report only on the fairest and most effective *methods* of limitation. The fight over figures is still to come; but every point agreed makes subsequent agreement easier.

The greatest merit of the League procedure is that it puts both the experts and the politicians in their proper place. It is for the experts to state the requirements of each country, and so far as possible to reconcile them. When they cannot agree, it is the task of statesmanship to consider what concessions can be made for the sake of agreement.

This division of labour is vital. The naval and military advisers of the Governments are for the most part high-minded men with a strong sense of duty to the public; but their special responsibility is to see that, if war breaks out, their country shall be adequately defended. They are

bound, by every consideration of honour no less than interest, to keep steadily in view the risks of unsuccessful or ineffective war; they have no special qualifications for judging how far war itself is a probable contingency.

That is the task of the statesman. Since a general limitation of armaments would render the likelihood of war very much more remote, it is well worth purchasing by the acceptance of some addition to the thousand chances of war itself. We believe, indeed, that no agreement will be attained unless all nations are ready to accept a contingent strategical risk for the sake of a certain gain in political security. It is for the expert to assess the measure of risk implied in the acceptance of any particular convention or formula. That done, he has discharged his responsibility. It is for the statesman to weigh that risk against the political advantage proposed. There are some risks so great that no nation can reasonably be asked to accept them while war remains, even remotely, possible. France will not leave her Eastern frontier nor Great Britain her trade routes defenceless; but where so much is at stake, it would be insanity to haggle unduly over the safety margin.

Behind the statesmen and the experts we need the driving power of a public opinion in all countries that appreciates the full danger of the present drift towards renewed armament competition, and is prepared to insist on agreement as the first essential of security. We need, further, a public opinion instructed on the technical issues. The American Press campaign against the British proposals at Geneva would have been shorn of its effect if the American people as a whole had the most elementary knowledge of Great Britain's dependence on oversea supplies, or the narrow margin by which she escaped utter disaster in 1917. Mr. Churchill's latest speech would be far less dangerous if the British people as a whole realized the strength of America's demand for arithmetical parity, and her ability to achieve it, with or without agreement.

We would go further. The cause of peace has suffered in the past from the tendency of peace-lovers to put aside the technical aspects of defence as matters with which they were not concerned. That is all very well for those who are bold enough to advocate complete disarmament by their own country, irrespective of what others may do. But if we propose to concentrate on armament limitation as the only practicable method, we must be prepared to argue it technically; to distinguish between those risks which the nations can, and those which they cannot, be asked to accept under existing conditions, in order that we may concentrate on the attainable.

There is apt at present to be an unnecessary antagonism between the more whole-hearted advocates of armament limitation and those who are responsible for national defence. Soldiers and sailors are not necessarily impervious to the new political ideas; but their co-operation is far more likely to be secured if they feel that their own side of the question, their own special responsibilities, have been clearly understood and carefully weighed. The habit of being "agin the Admiralty," or the War Office, on principle and without any understanding of the issues involved has sometimes robbed Liberal and Labour criticism of half its force when that criticism was most required.

If the cause of disarmament is to recover from the setback at Geneva two things are necessary: strong conviction and hard thinking. Both the political issues and the technical problems of limitation have to be brought home to a world public that has no real sense of their importance and complexity. Without the pressure of public opinion the Governments will continue to haggle indefinitely. To guide and instruct that opinion is the most urgent of all tasks for the Liberals of all countries.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

NO journalistic pen could do justice to the tragic incidents and implications of the great Massachusetts case, which, as these lines are being set up, is being rushed to its fatal conclusion. The character of its place in history can hardly now be a matter of dispute. The affair of Sacco and Vanzetti belongs to the momentous criminal trials of the world. It stands by itself in the annals of the United States, of the English-speaking world. It will affect the reputation of America among the peoples of Europe certainly during the lifetime of the present generation. Directly or indirectly it will lead to changes in the criminal law and legal procedure of America. Throughout the civilized world it will influence the popular mind in relation to the ethics of capital punishment, and will play its part in that movement towards the drastic reform of the police system which, urgently necessary in every country, is, by the admission of all informed persons, especially and clamorously overdue in the United States. The guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti may never be absolutely determined. Through their trial and fate they have become historic.

It is manifest that in the presence of the completed tragedy no good purpose could be served by a restatement of the issues of the affair or a recapitulation of the events of the final sensational stage; but a few points may here be specifically noted.

Moved by the weight of public opinion in favour of a reopening of the case, the Governor of Massachusetts at the end of May appointed a special commission of three to review the record of the case, Dr. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, being associated with two other well-known citizens. Their task was to review the printed record of the case, which fills some 7,000 pages of testimony, argument, and opinion. They were not entrusted with the duty of examining fresh witnesses: that was undertaken by Governor Fuller himself. The hearings were held in private. Counsel for the prisoners were not present. One week only before the date finally fixed for the execution the commission reported to the effect that the prisoners had received a fair trial and there was no ground for a new trial. The Governor affirmed his agreement with that finding, stated his belief that the guilt of the men had been proved, and announced that the execution must take place. Refusing even then to accept defeat, counsel for the defence made one more desperate motion for a new trial. It was heard and dismissed in circumstances of an extraordinarily tragic irony, emphasizing what is to English students the most singular aspect of the whole affair. The Judge who heard the application and refused it, was the same Judge Webster Thayer who had presided over the sessions trial, directed the jury to the verdict of Guilty, pronounced the death sentence, heard and rejected every subsequent application, and exerted himself during the revision inquiry to make certain the fulfilment of his judgment. In the State of Massachusetts the judge who tries a prisoner on a capital charge is not only permitted to act as the Court of Appeal upon himself: he is required to do so. There is reason to believe that the system which makes this procedure regular in Massachusetts will not long survive the case which has brought it to the astonished attention of the world; but the seven-years' struggle for the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti was governed by it from beginning to end.

There cannot be any parallel to the most remarkable struggle carried on by the voluntary defence committee organized in Boston. The full story will one day be told,

and it will then be recognized as possessing an heroic quality. It would be impossible to imagine a more hopeless cause than that of the two men accused in 1920 of the South Braintree murders. They were Italians, aliens, and anarchists: that is to say, they were members of the most despised section of the variegated immigrant community of America, and were associated with the most hated tenets. They were known to have been active in the work of spreading their subversive creed. They were arrested at a time of excessive panic, when with the support of public opinion the authorities were engaged in harrying suspect aliens of almost every nationality. One of the two accused was being charged with complicity in another crime. Both had been "draft-dodgers," having as aliens run away from the conscription law. After their arrest they had lied to the police, in fear of torture and in the knowledge of what had happened to some of their fellows in the anti-alien campaign. The case against them looked altogether black; and the public temper was such that no good American could associate himself with their cause without the certainty of losing caste, and most probably being made to suffer seriously in pocket. It was amid such conditions as these that the agitation for the defence of Sacco and Vanzetti was begun.

The original committee formed for the purpose of organizing the defence consisted almost or altogether of Italians, apparently without distinction of political creed. Indeed, it was noticeable as the affair went on that the Boston branch of the Fascisti had come to the support of the committee, the nationalism of its members, reinforced by resentment against the 100-per-cent. American attitude towards the alien, being strong enough in this instance to override the Fascist hatred of revolutionary ideas. Upon this Italian committee, at any rate in the earlier stages, fell the heavier part of the work of enlisting legal and financial aid for the defence. But it is the strictly American element in the defence agitation that has proved to be the more original and striking. The first active steps were taken by certain Labour and other Radical speakers, who, interpreting the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti in the light of many incidents of the time, called pointed attention to suspicious circumstances in the action of the police and legal authorities in Massachusetts. Their advocacy made an impression upon a number of well-known Boston Liberals, men and women, who, being convinced that the case against the accused was a police "frame-up," went into the defence from pure love of justice and in concern for the honour of the Courts and the Commonwealth. They watched it through all its stages. They attended in relays the Court at Dedham, day by day throughout the seven weeks of the sessions trial in the summer of 1921. They made friends with the reporters, and thus obtained knowledge of the judge and jury not accessible from the visitors' seats in the courtroom. When the trial ended in the fatal verdict they set to work to establish a regular and permanent organization for the defence, in order that no means of delaying the death sentence might be neglected. Their hope was that a further quantity of favourable evidence might be assembled, and the case be reopened amid circumstances, both in the courts and outside, free from the hysterical passions that had prevailed in 1920 and 1921. The labour was difficult beyond description, and by its very nature it was heartbreaking. The cause, in so far as it was known to the public, was exceedingly unpopular; while the prisoners, kept in separate jails, endured an experience which, varied only by spells of sickness and insanity, exceeded the bitterness of death. Massachusetts, relatively speaking, has a record of quick-dealing with criminal cases; but it was found possible to bring about

one postponement after another. Very large sums of money were needed, and were collected. An extraordinary movement of publicity was organized and maintained, so that in the course of a few years the case of Sacco and Vanzetti was known to every newspaper of the United States and in some degree to the Press of the world. Eminent lawyers offered their services, not the least notable fact in this connection being this, that several of them belonged to the exclusive section of the conservative professional community of Old Boston—a community which for generations had been habitually described as of Brahminical exclusiveness and tenacity. In the presentation of the case through the Press of England and America the statement has been repeatedly made that the agitation on behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti was Labour and Communist. The whole point of the remarkable body of protest, gathering steadily in weight and volume year after year, is that it came from the general public, under the leadership of jurists and professors of law, leading churchmen, men of letters, and independent citizens, belonging to every department of American life. From the single fact that, two months before the end, a petition containing nearly half a million names was presented to the Governor of Massachusetts, we may realize in some measure the national effect of the prolonged agitation for a reopening of the case. One thing at least in this connection may surely be said: that this vast disinterested effort by her private citizens to further the cause of justice and mercy should be remembered to the glory of Massachusetts long after her judicial system has been purged of the defects which have been thrown into such sombre relief by the tragic case of Sacco and Vanzetti.

PUBLICITY AND PUBLIC UTILITIES

DURING the past few years advertisements have appeared from time to time drawing attention to the usefulness of the telephone. Those advertisements, in many respects, are reminiscent of advertisements which appear in various American journals on behalf of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. But, in England, there is this difference. The advertisements are issued by the Telephone Development Association, which represents the manufacturers of telephone plant of all kinds, and they are not issued by the Post Office, which operates (except in the city of Hull) the telephones of this country. Behind this difference there lies a fundamental question. That question has all sorts of side issues, but it may be stated in its simplest form in this way: In the operation of a public utility by a direct department of State is it part of the duty of that department to exploit and to expand the use, or is it to give merely a mild encouragement and to be contented, on the whole, to give service where service is required? It will be observed that this is not at all to raise the issue as between public ownership and private ownership. There are many reasons, some of them reasons of State policy, why the conduct of telephone business should be in the same hands as the conduct of postal and telegraph business. There are many reasons, too, why telephone business should be emphasized as a public utility. Moreover, the expansion of the telephone business in recent years has confounded the prophets. Even so our primary question remains. It will become of increasing importance in the future, and especially so if the State undertakes the direct operation of further public utilities.

In Sir Evelyn Murray's book on the Post Office there

is a succinct paragraph on telephone finance. "Up to December 31st, 1926, the loans raised for the acquisition and extension of the system amounted to about £94,500,000, of which £32,700,000 has been repaid. New capital is now being put into the system at a rate of nearly £12,000,000 a year, and so long as the current demand for new installations is maintained, an annual programme of about this figure will have to be faced. It can safely be said that no industrial undertakings in this country, and very few abroad, are absorbing capital year by year at anything approaching this rate." Certainly it is an astonishing array of figures, and yet, when we compare telephone density in England with telephone density in several other countries we are far behind. The telephone system as it stands is profitable, but one can well believe that into the question of the free expenditure of much more capital an element of speculation enters. Further there are other difficulties. "No Postmaster-General could claim to go into the market for fresh capital, possibly at a moment when the Treasury had loan operations in view, without the cognizance and concurrence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer." But this applies also when the Treasury itself provides the capital for telephones; it would also apply, though perhaps a little less stringently, if private enterprise provided the capital, for there might be a withholding of Treasury permission.

Thus we begin to see the complexity of the problem. The vast sum of a million monthly is put into telephones, but it is a "safe" investment based upon "the current demand for new installations." Manufacturers will say that this demand, by a judicious expenditure in publicity, could be vastly expanded. They would say that in thousands of homes in England the man-of-the-house says: "Really, my dear, we *must* have a telephone," and he needs the iteration of an advertisement to crystallize his frequent remark into the signature on a contract form. They will say that every such addition increases the value of the utility to the present consumers, and they will aver that it also will increase the remunerative value of the telephone. Nevertheless, it does seem to be a shock to the older ideas of Government operation to imagine that a campaign of advertisement is desirable to prove that a public utility is a utility for the public. It was nationalized because it was a public utility. It has been developed—and developed astonishingly well and rapidly—within the limits of being a utility which on the whole is sought and demanded by the public.

Of course, things are very different in America. We hear of employee-ownership, but we do not hear much of consumer-ownership. Yet this is of vital importance. There is something to be said for the shareholder. At least he may be expected to be a friend, in season and out of season, of the concern of which he is part-proprietor. We are all shareholders of the British telephone system, but that does not mean that in season and out of season we rush to its support and encouragement. Nor, on the other hand, does it mean that in respect of its development it calls for methods totally different from those which succeed when only part of the community is included in its list of shareholders. There is a pretty question here for the political philosophers. Some will try and answer it by developing new organisms for the direction of public utilities, and they will talk about flexibility and adaptability and other virtues. Wisdom would seem to lie in the direction of toning down the hard difference in method between the public department and private enterprise, remembering that all the virtues are not necessarily on one side. It is one of the evils of the controversial method that

it tends to see nothing of excellence on the side it assails. There is something to be learned for the future organization of public utilities in a calm and unprejudiced consideration of the problem of publicity.

J. L.

LIFE AND POLITICS

WITH the death of John Dillon, the last leader of the old Irish Parliamentary Party, the remarkable story of the party may be said to be definitely closed. What were his relations to the new order of things in Ireland? They were not unfriendly. Indeed, that is true on both sides. I have high authority for the statement that when the Irish Free State Senate was being set up and a certain number of senatorships had, according to the Constitution, to be filled up by appointment, one of the seats was offered to Dillon. He refused, and those who knew him will agree that he did wisely, but none would have been readier than he to admit that the offer was a graceful one. Nevertheless, though Dillon had no personal feeling against the present Free State Ministers, he was a keen critic in private of their policy. He had rarely made any public utterance since his defeat at the parliamentary general election of 1918, but a couple of years ago in Dublin he made some severe strictures on Free State finance, and at the recent Free State general election he expressed approval of the new National League Party organized by Mr. W. Redmond in opposition to the Cosgrave Ministry. These two utterances had their significance. They could not be taken as the *obiter dicta* of a statesman who had casually and for the time being strayed into public affairs again.

In his fine old Georgian house in North St. George Street, surrounded by books and papers Mr. Dillon kept up his life-long habit of studying public affairs—not only of Ireland by the way, but of Europe and the world in general. Day by day he continued the work as minutely and conscientiously as if he was actually a Minister in office liable to be confronted with questions in Parliament. A conversation with him in his home was a most interesting and illuminating experience, for it meant hearing the views of a man of wide experience and knowledge on important matters to which he had given serious thought. It may be taken then that Dillon, while giving credit to President Cosgrave and his Ministers for the highest intentions, and indeed for the extraordinary results which in many respects they had achieved, would have desired on probably most matters of policy to dissociate himself from them. On the whole, however, he adhered rigorously to the line he had chosen of non-interference with the new elements in power in Irish public life.

There is a delightful Max cartoon in which Sir Edmund Gosse (I think) is seen introducing the shade of R.L.S. to a collection of the writers of the present day. They are all mounted on platforms or pulpits preaching various gospels. "Yes, but where are the men of letters?" asks Stevenson, and Gosse replies: "These *are* our men of letters." To bring this up to date one would have to show our leading literary artists in the Sunday paper pulpits. The SUNDAY EXPRESS this week had three of them holding forth on different pages. It is a little unfair to Mr. Bennett, I admit, to describe as a sermon the article in which he reveals himself as cannily refusing to be taken in by the prestige of Mycenæ in the isles of Greece. He reserves his *ex cathedra* pronouncements (on literature) to another paper issued by the same firm, and when I am in the pew

I usually want to get up and protest. It is difficult for me, for instance, to listen patiently to the perkily contemptuous tone in which he dismissed recently the great novels of George Eliot's maturity. Mr. Shaw's preaching last Sunday was a fierce spate of invective against the vivisectioners, illustrated by a photograph of the dear man fondling his dog.

I started this subject, however, with the intention of applauding the sermon of Mr. H. G. Wells, delivered on the text that disaster to progress is threatened by the refusal both of Liberals and Labour men to come to a common-sense understanding in the matter of breaking the Tory supremacy. I believe heartily with Mr. Wells that the things on which Liberals and Labour men agree are much more important than the things on which they disagree. I see no reason, as he does not, why something should not be done to work out agreement in a sensible electoral arrangement. The fact that the leaders on both sides will have nothing to say to it at present does not settle the matter. I am convinced that the mere pressure of fact and necessity will in the end force the two wings of progress into some sort of co-operation or alliance. The pugnacious party spirit, that curse of our politics, which leads to the confusion of partisan victory with political advance, will no doubt delay what must be done in the end unless party politics are to continue to be regarded like a competition of football teams for a place in the Final. A study of the recent controversy in the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN brings out once more the popularity (but not the wisdom) of mere pugilism in politics. While Liberals and Labour are busy pummelling each other in the ring Mr. Baldwin gets away with the stakes.

On Sunday night the B.B.C. provided listeners-in with one of its best surprises. I was sitting reading the new German life of Napoleon with the earphones on, for I find that music one does not need to attend to particularly is a mild stimulus to mental occupation. Suddenly in the middle of the warbling of some drawing-room ballad from Eastbourne there was a blank, and a politely decisive voice announced that the traffic in the ether had been held up to allow the Prince of Wales to come through from Buffalo. This was especially exciting to a crystal set listener more or less dependent on the fare transmitted from Savoy Hill. I shut "Napoleon" and listened in earnest. There was a roaring as of a high wind—could it be the noise of Niagara? Of course not, merely oscillations. Then there followed the voice of the Prince, perfectly distinct, precise and yet hesitant, as he spoke his few words—never more timely than at this moment—about the high necessity of maintaining friendship and peace between Great Britain and America. It was one of the oddest experiences the wireless has ever furnished to me—this voice so familiar and so unexpected breaking in upon one's Sabbath calm in that ghostly fashion from over 3,000 miles away. A sound of cheering, lively yet, as it were, disembodied, came over the ether, and I too cheered in spirit, and then Eastbourne resumed. The singer had got to his final high note in the magic interval. Reopening "Napoleon" I thought: "What would that master of speed have given for the boon of wireless? Why, the United States of Europe might be a reality now, not a shattered dream!"

I have been talking with a doctor who has just been over in Germany visiting the special clinics that they have there for treating insured persons for rheumatism. The Germans do not expect working people to go to the spas to get the necessary modern treatment of baths, light,

massage, and so on; they bring the spas to them. In Berlin, Hamburg, and elsewhere there are now excellent places—synthetic spas as it were—where wonderful work is being done in curing rheumatism in the early stages. The German employer is a sensible person, and sees that it is very much to his interest to prevent the loss of efficiency in industry which, as we know well enough here from Sir George Newman's sensational report, results from allowing rheumatism to cripple the workers unchecked. The German employer supplements the State insurance provision, but in England our Government will not as yet allow the insured fund to be used for out-patients taking specialized treatment of this kind. It is certainly a scandalous thing that in our country nothing better is offered to the majority of panel patients who go to their doctor with rheumatism in some form than medicinal treatment which is often useless. It is true that a small number manage to get into the spa hospitals. I hear that a big appeal is to be made before long to start a decent system of clinics in our cities, and a beginning will be made by opening one of these places in London, to serve as a demonstration centre. The time has gone by when it is possible complacently to accept a situation in which the necessary treatment in a most destructive set of diseases is within the reach of the well-to-do only.

* * *

Some days since a man who was taking a sunbath in Hyde Park, clad in shorts, was haled before the magistrate and fined. This magistrate held that it is an offence against the law for a man to expose the upper part of his body. This is a warning to people who attempt to put into practice what our mentors in health preach as theory. In England it does not do to be too literal. In Germany, as every visitor can see for himself, there is not in this matter the same divorce between theory and practice. In their determined pursuit of health and fitness the youth of Germany allow the sun and air to reach as much of the body as possible. The doctor I have already quoted was greatly struck by the alertness and health of the post-war Germans. Of course, they have not the advantage of the high moral standard of the London magistrate.

* * *

In the course of a little tour in Surrey and Sussex last week-end I was impressed anew by the threat to the beauty of the villages caused by the petrol pumping stations. These are now found in most villages as well as in all towns, and they are usually distressingly out of harmony with their surroundings. The colours of the pumps, yellows and scarlets, are raw and violent; they are like vulgar yells in a quiet place. The staring colours are considered necessary, I suppose, to catch the eye of the motorist as he travels, but surely with a little trouble this could be effected in a harmless manner. Why should not these petrol yards be screened from the highway, and the attention of the motorist attracted by a sign overhanging the road, which easily could be made conspicuous without being hideous. I hope the new society for the preservation of rural England which was founded recently with general good will is giving its attention to this. The companies supplying petrol are few, and one imagines that they could be persuaded to adopt in concert a change in the arrangement of these pumping stations which would save them from being so offensive. If anyone of ordinary sensibility to the charm of the country thinks that I am exaggerating, let him travel along the Portsmouth Road, or any South country main road, and see what damage has been done to the street pictures of old architecture.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BRITAIN AS A RENTIER

SIR,—Will you allow me a few words in reply to the leading article which you were kind enough to devote to the subject of my letter to you of July 26th?

You say you are not sure you agree with my moral. I had no particular moral in mind. My object was to invite a discussion on the question whether some of the difficulties of our export trades could not be traced to the indirect consequences of the income we receive from abroad on our capital invested there. In your article you analyze very clearly the various handicaps under which our exporting industries labour, and you agree that our surplus financial resources—i.e., our interest from abroad—have enabled our sheltered industries to resist an adjustment from the inflated post-war figures to the existing price level which the unsheltered have been forced to make, thus limiting our export capacity. To this extent you agree, I gather, with my argument. But I go further and ask whether this is not likely to be a general and continuing tendency. Before the war the owners of foreign capital very largely reinvested their accruing interest abroad. Our exports were encouraged, but the income accruing to us was spent on other nations and not on ourselves. Now the tendency is reversed. Through various influences, particularly social legislation and also, it seems to me, by means of the strength of the sheltered Trade Unions, there has been a considerable redistribution of wealth and a greater home consumption in relation to home production. A far larger part of our foreign income is therefore consumed at home instead of being re-lent abroad, the owners of it being compelled to part with it either by higher prices or higher taxation. I am not deploring this redistribution of wealth. Nor am I so foolish as to ignore the advantages from the point of view of the community at large of our foreign income. My point is that these advantages are not shared by our export trades, or by agriculture, which is in more or less the same position. From the process described above, wages are increased and costs increased in all home industries. But to the railways or to the building trade or the distributive trades this does not matter so long as the consumer can pay, and on my assumption the consumer can pay and does pay because of the community's foreign income. But in the case of the export trades and agriculture the *consumer won't pay*. He has many other cheaper sources of supply. The export trades do their best to compete by lowering their own wages unduly, but there are a thousand and one items of loss outside their control, and these are all relatively high compared to those of foreign nations owing to our higher standard of living arising out of our accumulated wealth abroad. It is true the wage earners in the export trades share also in the benefits of social legislation met in part from the taxation of the rich, but that is a comparatively small matter as against their industries' incapacity to compete abroad.

Thus it seems to me that a nation possessing a large amount of free income from abroad, which it spends on itself, thereby raising its standard of life, handicaps its competitive export trades whose standard is largely determined by foreign standards, and may either reduce permanently its exports or have to develop exports of a less competitive nature, or as regards which it has some special comparative advantages.

May I again refer to the "gentleman farmer" living partly off "unearned income," paying wages a little higher than his poorer neighbours and trying to run his farm on a business basis? He finds it doesn't pay. He would naturally not be so foolish as to surrender his unearned income and cut down his wages to make it pay. But supposing otherwise he cannot reduce his costs, he must either abandon his farm or be content to see it run at a loss, in fact, to subsidize it. But since we cannot subsidize our export industries, and if we ought not to protect them, how can we help them?

I think I have by implication answered most of the points raised by Mr. Coutts's letter. I agree my argument applies to foreign income such as bankers and insurance commissioners, &c., brought home and spent in this

country. I did not, of course, intend to give any moral meaning to the word "tribute." I agree with Mr. Coutts that "payment for services rendered" is a better definition.

I rather think the point I am trying to make is the same from a different angle as that made by Professor Heckscher in his letter to you of July 27th. My argument may be all wrong. But if so, I should like to have it proved wrong.

With apologies for the length of this letter.—Yours, &c.,
Campfer, Switzerland. R. H. BRAND.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA AND WAR

SIR,—My friend Mr. St. John Ervine is well capable of fighting his own battles; nobody more so. But I hope he will not object to a few observations on the Editorial note appended to his letter.

The Editor remarks that "we could not contemplate fighting the United States, not merely because all war is a calamity, but because such a war would be fatal to us." I strongly deprecate this spaniel-like attitude—this crying of "Kamerade" before the encounter.

Cannot the Editor imagine some frightful wrong or insult which would make the spaniel attitude too humiliating to be maintained? Of course, anybody can. Even a worm, they say, will turn.

Are we for ever to give way, even when right is clearly on our side? I cannot believe that the Editor, on serious consideration, would say so. Yet that, unless I entirely misread him, is the gist of his argument.

Englishmen were not always unwilling or afraid to tell the Americans what they thought of certain aspects of their civilization and conduct. Let the Editor turn to "Martin Chuzzlewit" and read again the terrific onslaught of Charles Dickens—and reflect.—Yours, &c.,

ARCHIBALD J. CAMPBELL.

Garden End, Hockliffe, Leighton Buzzard.

August 7th, 1927.

[Does Mr. Campbell imagine that no one dare speak his mind about the United States, unless he belongs to a country which is strong enough to defeat the United States in a war? We fail, otherwise, to understand his invocation of Charles Dickens or, indeed, his whole letter.—ED., NATION.]

PARITY

SIR,—It seems to me, if only the true import of the principle represented by the term Parity had been sufficiently realized and adequately acted upon, all would have gone well at the Naval Limitation Conference at Geneva. America injected the term into the deliberations, and yet it was America who balked at its application. What does Parity truly signify? *Adjusted Equality*, as distinguished from Equality pure and simple, which latter is an illusory concept in human relationships altogether. But, then, England might also have better remembered that in dealing with a nation, not passingly but inherently sympathetic, there was no occasion to press logic too rigorously. Indeed, there is a sense in which it might be advanced, not by any means to be taken literally, that the more warships America builds, the less England needs to have, provided that security is sought, not domination.

The central cause of the breakdown, after all, lay in the fact that the movement did not have sufficient driving power behind it. Had there been a will, instead of a mere wish, a way would have been found. But there is no reason to feel discouraged over the failure to reach an agreement. So long as the spirit which prompted the Conference continues unabated, all that is necessary is to try and try again.—Yours, etc.,

GABRIEL WELLS.

11, King Street, St. James's, S.W.

A PLEA FOR THE DAWES PLAN

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Keynes's instructive article in your issue of July 16th, which has just reached me, I think there is another aspect of this question which deserves attention. Mr. Keynes ably shows that the Reparations arrangement, as generally understood, is breaking down,

partly through failure in execution, and partly on account of natural forces almost beyond human control. Should we, however, in view of this, regard the Dawes Plan as discredited, and unworthy of a place among the most important international agreements which have ever been formulated? I think not. Is it after all so important to the world, and especially to the main creditor nation, viz., U.S.A., whether Germany as an entity is paying the indemnity fixed, within the period determined or not? Surely the world has more to gain by a rapid internal economic recovery of Germany supported by foreign loans; and it seems clear that the important thing which the Dawes Committee desired to achieve was the funding of the debt of the German Government to other Governments, so that this public international debt could be discharged, from an accounting point of view, within a limited time, and in this purpose the Plan will succeed even if there is no export surplus for some years, simply by the process of foreign loans to German industry and trade partly to enable those responsible for this to discharge their obligations to their Government in connection with reparations. Thus the indemnity problem will in fact be shifted from the difficult and contentious sphere of public finance to the ordinary channels of private finance, within a comparatively short period; and, once transferred thereto, it will solve itself over an extended period by the gradual transition of Germany from a large debtor nation to, perhaps, a creditor nation; at some point towards the middle of the century, that is provided that European economy is not further dislocated by wars and other catastrophic disturbances.—Yours, &c.,

Hotel Petersbourg, Schlossplatz, Riga. E. F. JEAL.

July 24th, 1927.

"MOTHER INDIA"

SIR,—Your logical correspondent, "S. S. D.," says that "simple enumeration is the weakest possible argument." I venture to draw from his own letter examples of a type of reasoning even more insulting to the intelligence—false comparisons, vague generalizations, and deliberate understatement of the opponent's case.

1. "S. S. D." seeks to ridicule Miss Mayo's condemnation of child marriage (and your reviewer's support of Miss Mayo) by drawing a parallel between India and England:—

"If a person collects two dozen cases of rape committed on very young girls under cruel circumstances in England in one year, will he have established an irresistible case against English morals?"

This parallel, to my mind, is of no value, for it ignores what is the whole point of the matter, that in England sexual intercourse with girls under thirteen is prohibited by law and condemned by public opinion; in India it is approved by parents and sanctified under the name of marriage.

(Criminal Law Amendment Acts, 1885 and 1912: "To unlawfully and carnally know any girl under the age of thirteen years—penalty, penal servitude for life, or not less than three years, or imprisonment not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour.")

Mr. Thompson remarks: "Miss Mayo has a right to judge a system by the worst of the cruelties it permits."

The italics are mine. They appear necessary in order to draw "S. S. D.'s" attention to what is the crux of the whole matter. It is not because the cruelties take place, but because they are permitted that this particular system is condemned. England does not permit rape; India does. Hence your correspondent's comparison is not only useless, but pernicious.

2. Then "S. S. D." turns his attention to literature, I will be frank, and admit at once that, unlike Mr. Thompson, I am not "conversant with the names of Ramayana and Mahabharata . . . Manik-kavashar, and Tagore." But I do know something about the English authors mentioned by "S. S. D.," and I fail to see:—

(a) What they have to do with the argument.

(b) What they have to do with each other. The only people, to my knowledge, who ever speak of Shaw and Wilde in one breath are would-be-clever schoolgirls who have been forbidden to read either.

"S. S. D." chooses his examples badly. Is he trying to prove that the vileness of child-marriage is like the vileness of unnatural vice, only a matter of opinion?

The jury who sent Wilde to Reading Goal thought differently—but perhaps "S. S. D." is indicting them?

What Mr. Shaw has to do with it I cannot imagine. Dare one suggest that "S. S. D." might become "conversant" with the works of English authors, before taking liberties with their names?

3. But these generalizations are trifles when we come to the deliberate and malicious distortion of fact in the next paragraph, where Miss Mayo's arguments against child marriage are made to appear as no more than pleas for "sex-equality."

They are not. They are pleas for common decency. Child-marriage is a question of morality not of status. The legalization of lust and cruelty is not a matter to be passed by with a cheap sneer, as belonging to the same kind of "vexed question" as co-education.

Child-marriage is like Suttee—a revolting custom, sanctioned by a revolting religion, deeply rooted, but not impossible to eradicate. I suppose that enlightened Viceroy who stamped out this other horrid practice was hindered in his work of reform by the gnat-like buzzings of those others, like "S. S. D.," who considered widow-burning a harmless pastime, because:—

1. Widows are occasionally murdered in England.
2. English authors are shocking fellows.
3. Women are much inferior to men, anyway.

No need to inquire the sex of your correspondent. His logic betrays him.—Yours, &c.,

FEMINA.

GREYHOUND RACING

SIR,—I find such pleasure and profit in Kappa's reflections week by week that I am loth to fall out with him. But I cannot help thinking that his criticisms of greyhound racing are not quite so wise or deeply meditated as are most of his comments. He says: "As for the purely sporting side, the dogs might as well be run by electricity, like the hare, for any satisfaction it gives me at any rate to see them at it." Later he reproaches the dogs for being so stupid as to lend themselves to this imposture, assuming that they find no pleasure in racing against each other.

The day before I read these comments I read the report of a speech made by a gentleman in Hereford who said that there were no dogs left for coursing hares, and that it was scandalous that an ancient sport should be sacrificed to an amusement that he described as "no sport at all."

What is meant by sport? Four hundred years ago Sir Thomas More, speaking of coursing hares, said that if a man did not enjoy watching dogs chase each other, but did enjoy watching them tear a silly, sensitive creature to pieces, then what he liked was not watching a dog run, but "beholding death." There are, unfortunately, a great many people who enjoy beholding death, whether the victim is a beautiful creature like a stag or a timid creature like a hare, and consider that this is essential to sport, but I cannot believe that when Kappa complains of greyhound racing that it is unsatisfying "on the sporting side," it is this element of what Sir Thomas More called "vile butchery" that he misses. On what other ground can he find the spectacle of a dog exerting the generous energies of his nature, in Burke's phrase, so poor and disappointing? And is he correct in assuming that though men and horses enjoy racing against each other, dogs do not?—Yours, &c.,

J. L. HAMMOND.

THESE JESTING PILATES

SIR,—I have just read the article "These Jestings Pilates" appearing in your last issue and should like, as one of those who attended the Teachers' Conference organized by the League of Nations Union, to offer a few remarks which may be of interest to your correspondent on this question of propaganda.

Of the men and women present, all enthusiastic members of the League of Nations Union, one speaker after another rose to say that, while as an individual he supported the

League wholeheartedly, yet, as a teacher of history or geography, he would in a lesson make no deliberate emotional appeal, and as far as was in his power would not let any personal bias colour the account, but would treat the League as any other historical fact to be dealt with impartially in class. A different sort of appeal should, of course, be made by the League of Nations Union itself, but this did not concern the teacher as such.

It would have been impossible for anyone attending this conference who, like myself, did not teach history or geography, not to have been deeply impressed by the very high ideal of teaching obviously held by those present, and their strong objection to propaganda in any form.—Yours, &c.,

M. M. C.

Penarth.

August 8th, 1927.

THE NEW REGENT STREET

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Van der Waals, who discusses the new Regent Street in THE NATION of July 30th, unwittingly does me an injustice when he speaks of "that counsel of despair, wrung from Mr. Edwards, the call for poorer craftsmanship." I have no wish to encourage poorer craftsmanship as an end in itself, but would merely point out that the continual cry for more and more craftsmanship on the part of men who are ignorant of the higher qualities of design is injurious to architecture.

Mr. Van der Waals' foreman-mason complains of the new Regent Street that "Girder construction is encased in columns of stone." It is just as I suspected. The mason believes the columns to be wrong because they represent a constructional solecism. But the stucco pilasters of the old street which concealed the brickwork underneath would have been none the less beautiful and significant had they concealed steel girders. The fault in many of the columns erected to-day does not lie in their manner of construction, but in their stupid placing and inappropriate scale. The quality of civic architecture is expressed in the relation of one part of a building to another, and the relation of that building itself to the whole street. Hence, the most learned discussion concerning craftsmanship and construction does not in the least help architects in their essential task of combining the elements of a city into an harmonious whole.

This foreman-mason, when criticizing the new Regent Street, is like a man who dislikes a certain piece of typed or printed prose, and then exclaims: "If only this had been set out in the old, beautiful, hand-written script, how much better it would have been." But if the prose is lacking in sense or dignity, the beautiful script would make it more irritating still. In the language of architecture there is both script and composition, and if many of us still write this language so badly it is mainly the fault of the craftsmanship-mongers who for two generations controlled architectural teaching and told their students to think about script, and again and again script, to the total neglect of that subtler and more profound art that is concerned with the *theme* itself, the arrangement of units to form a city. The deficiencies so evident in three-quarters of the new Regent Street are entirely due to this neglect of the civic aspect of building. Such virtues, however, as belong to the remaining quarter more recently erected are the result of a certain revival of interest in street architecture.

When Professor Geyl, for the second time, accuses me of too much complacency in attributing the blemishes of Regent Street to "our cosmopolitan education," he compels me to point out to him that in this particular context I wrote ironically.—Yours, &c.,

A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS.

WIRELESS FOR THE BLIND

SIR,—It seems almost impossible that, for a few pounds, a blind man may be made equal in all respects to a man with sight for a few hours every day during the rest of his life! Yet it can be done. Wireless does it.

The National Institute for the Blind has already distributed hundreds of wireless sets, and from experience

knows that these have not only brought endless pleasure to blind people, but have literally changed their entire outlook. But there are thousands still without sets, and to provide them funds are urgently needed.

Thanks to Captain Ian Fraser and other Members of Parliament, the blind do not have to pay for their wireless licences, but a free dog kennel is not of great use to one unable to afford a dog!

Yet the granting of free licences is one step forward: while the provision by the National Institute of a Braille "Radio Times" is another. And if your readers will help me, the provision of free wireless sets will soon crown with success our several attempts to bring to the blind poor the inestimable benefits of wireless. Will they remember that one £5 note alone will provide two blind people with an endless source of happiness for the rest of their lives?

All sets will be distributed by the National Institute through the County Associations for the Blind in all parts of the country.

Donations for this purpose should be sent to me at the National Institute for the Blind, 224-S, Great Portland Street, W.1.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY J. WAGG,

Chairman of the Technical and Research Committee,
National Institute for the Blind.

THE MARRIAGE LAWS

SIR,—When Sir Arthur Shirley Benn's Marriage Bill comes before the House again, will it not be the long-overdue opportunity for Parliament to wipe out the law of affinity?

Where there is no tie of blood there should surely be no bar to marriage—common sense proclaims that fact, loudly.

The Church can refuse such marriages if it does not agree with them, but let us have here, as in some other countries, secular sanction and help.—Yours, &c.,

A SUFFERER.

BLAKE

By PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

UNUSUALLY numerous as have been the persons of importance who, in this or that way, have come in for centennial celebrations in the present year, there is one point in which William Blake stands apart from them all. The notableness of the rest is comparative: you can hardly think of Newton himself without thinking of other mathematicians and physicists—of Beethoven without thinking of other musicians. But it is not so with Blake. He is much more—very much more—"The Only One" than Jean Paul, in that his onliness is not limited to an eccentric way of writing. That he combines "boetry and bainting" is nothing—many people have done that. It is in the character of the poetry and the painting (including, of course, other kinds of design), and in the presence, some would say the suffusion, of both with a mystical way of thinking which makes verse, and prose, and design merely its handmaidens, that he stands alone. If one thinks of anyone at all like him—and though it would have been generally dangerous to talk to Blake of other folk in connection with himself, he would not have minded this—it is of Michael Angelo. And the differences are more than the likenesses there.

This singular trinity of character no doubt has its intrinsic advantages for those who can and will take it as it stands and make the best of it—which is a very good best indeed. But it seems to be difficult for many, if not for most, people to do so. Some, not themselves always utter idiots, have regarded Blake's production, with pen, pencil,

and graver alike, as simply scribbling and scrabbling idiocy. On the other hand, there are dangers even attending favourable views of him. Some regard his poetry as pretty, but far below his design-work in importance; some, but fewer, think him our greatest poet strictly, or mainly, of the eighteenth century; some regard his poetry and painting as being illustrations in the quest of a mighty system of religion, cosmology, and what else they wish, contained in the "prophetical" books. Perhaps some approach has been made to more catholic Blakism lately in the best of all possible ways, that of making Blake's own work accessible. It is indeed a mistake, though one has seen it made, to think that attention to, and reasoned appreciation of, him are mainly or a little more than mainly the work of the twentieth century. It is true that it was never till quite recently easy to get him together in something like bulk; and it is also true (though it is sometimes forgotten) that in his own days it was anything but easy to get at him, as we may say, separately. Even of his best known things, and things most likely to be popular, the twin books of "Songs," it has, one believes, been calculated that there were never much more than a score of copies originally made; the earlier "Poetical Sketches," though printed, were, it is believed again, destroyed or wasted by his own more or less deliberate action. Some of the later things were either unique or made up in only a few copies—and, quaintest of all, but not least interesting. "The French Revolution" exists as an original in the queer intermediate state of being a "proof" and *præterea nihil*. But Blake, though never widely known, was by no means unknown to and by people best worth knowing. Lamb was enthusiastic about him. It may have suited Swinburne to sneer at Southey, as people did and do still, but Southey gave—by a long citation from Blake's Catalogue and a quotation of one of his finest poems from quite a different source, in "The Doctor"—singularly specimen-like knowledge of Blake to the very generation, 1830-60, during which he was most occult. And from 1860 onward the attentions of Gilchrist, the Rossettis, and Swinburne himself started an interest which has never ceased since. It is true that only the other day things were in a manner completed by Messrs. Sloss and Wallis's trustworthy edition of the "Prophetical" books; but that gave better what had already been given in a fashion.

This would be quite an improper, and in a sense an impossible place for bibliographical or even critical particulars; it is well if one can do some justice, however imperfect, to this most individual (with the usual "bar one") of the occupants of our Parnassus. Blake had, of course, nothing of the "individuality in universality" of Shakespeare. He could and did talk unconscious nonsense: which Shakespeare never did, though he was delightfully capable of talking the conscious variety. He carried not merely his heart, but his mood, his temper, his prejudices, all sorts of other things, on his sleeve—while the less rash of us confess that we have hardly the slightest idea of what these things were in the other case. But he was individual in the sense that he copied nobody: his Ossianisms and Swedenborgeries are of no real importance, and if he owed something to the unrevised Bible, which of our greatest for three centuries has not owed something to it? And he needed to copy nobody because he had what is, of course, the rarest of things, the faculty of creativeness. It may be said that this apparent creativeness was only due to the fact that he possessed the double art of representation by word and figure; but this is quite insufficient. Sometimes, of course, it seems to give an explanation. Four stanzas of the wonderful piece which used to

be called "Broken Love," but which Mr. Sampson has retitled as "My Spectre," do indeed in their very words supply, as it were, a series of exquisite cartoons; but the, in different ways, equally wonderful prose dinner party in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," just re-facsimiled by Max Plowman and Messrs. Dent, though it calls up a quite vivid picture of the two prophets, Isaiah and Ezekiel, of their host, and his Catherine (not mentioned at all, but quite certainly, after arranging the dinner, being present at it and taking both her guests as matter of course), has not a single touch of line or colour in itself. It is the third ingredient of Blake—the mysticism—which imparts the creativeness there. But whether it is worth while to endeavour to get this mysticism into symbolic or systematic harness—that is another question, and one which may be here left unanswered.

Not that it is, as mystical atmosphere or flavouring, ever to be neglected. Blake would not be Blake without it. It is not, of course, always present; and when he is in a bad temper, which is unfortunately sometimes the case, it is hopelessly absent. When he likes things he is precious exceedingly; when he dislikes them he is too apt to be rather like—what he is calling them at the time. If it were ever lawful to destroy the *litera scripta* it would be in the case of Blake's remarks about Rembrandt, Reynolds, Hayley (who really did justify the joke of having nothing bad about him but his poetry), Stothard, and others. But on the other hand, the rule applies in positive sense to him, for in the middle of stuff which offers itself with apparently equal eagerness for the titles of nonsense and doggerel, you will find the most exquisite snatches and patches of sense and poetry.

If, as some would seem to think, Blake's painting and engraving carry it over his poetry, it can only be because these exercises are not subject to similar degradations; you may doubtless make purely technical objections to them now and then, but some of these objections can be as technically met; some of them can be disregarded even by those who admit that they do in a manner "lie," and most of them do not trouble the non-technical enjoyer at all. The Prophetic matter is, to a smaller extent, in much the same case—or should be. It is possible to enjoy its rhythmical prose and coloured or uncoloured decoration alike, without troubling yourself to attach any systematic or symbolic interpretation to it; though you may, for instance, be much obliged to the Fairy—a fairy himself of the most obliging character—who in spite of having been knocked down and imprisoned in Blake's hat, dictated "Europe" to him.

But it is in the poetry proper, irregular and in a way haphazard as is the presentment of it, that the charm of this singular creation shows itself, at least to some of us, most. You can enjoy and never tire of enjoying the paintings and the engravings as they have been at last accessibly provided in bulk by the unfortunately late Mr. Darrell Figgis and the fortunately living Mr. Laurence Binyon. You will probably, unless you are making a new "system," be less frequently but still ardently thankful to Messrs. Wallis and Sloss for the Prophecies. But the most poetical parts of the Poetry have—what only poetry that has something of the mystical can have—an extraordinary power of giving *fresh*, not merely repeated, enjoyment. The present writer cannot have been much more than ten years old when he first read the "Mad Song," and he has read it scores of times, at intervals, to the present day, always finding *fresh* beauties of suggestion in it. You may search the English Corpus Poetarum or Poeticum from the first utterances to the latest and not find anything more infinitely poetical in *quality* than the Introduction to the Songs of Experi-

ence. So this verse—or at least the best of it—will perhaps introduce you best and reward you most by its introduction, to what has been called the mystical atmosphere of suggestion which is Blake's motive and province of power. The suggestions may be and perhaps had better be kept vague; the atmosphere's lights and colours may be kaleidoscopic. But so much the better for those who are prepared by nature to enjoy them.

As to the question whether he himself was in his senses or not, it is far better left alone. By one of the quaint coincidences which make life amusing, there has, at this very moment when Blake is being recalled to memory, been more than the usual dispute what the words "sanity" and "insanity" really mean, with rather more than the usual difference between legal and medical opinion and an almost alarming multiplication of new "Doctors' Greek" terms. Let it be sufficient here to say that doubt whether Blake was, in any full if untechnical sense of the word, "sane," is compatible with the very highest estimate of his poetry; with the most vivid enjoyment of his painting and engraving; and with sincere gratitude for his "prophetic" work despite a decided idea that it is better left uninterpreted by the intellect, but yielding none the less pleasure to the senses and perhaps not really much less to the soul.

NERVES AND MUSCLES

VII.—THE SENSE ORGANS*

By PROFESSOR A. V. HILL, F.R.S.

IN my first article I spoke of the messages which come in along the nerves to tell us what is happening around or inside us. I will discuss now the little machines (or sense organs, as they are called) which start these messages off. Some of them are obvious enough. At the back of the eye we have the most complete collection of them in the body. The eye is a camera, with a lens and a diaphragm in front of it: in place of the photographic plate at the back there is the retina, a layer of these little sensitive organs, each connected separately to a nerve fibre running to the brain. When light falls upon one of them it starts sending messages along the fibre to which it is connected, and when a picture falls on the retina we get an impression made up of thousands of messages coming from all the sensitive end-organs and along all the nerve fibres. These messages are pieced together by the brain to make up "vision."

Another very obvious case of a sensitive end-organ is that of our ears. Behind the drum, which picks up the vibrations of the air (what we call sound) is a membrane which, according to Helmholtz, consists in effect of a series of little tuned receivers, each responding to some particular rate of oscillation. A pure note sets only one, or a few, of these in vibration: a complicated sound made up of all kinds of different notes, that is, of different frequencies of vibration of the air, sets a large number of these little tuned receivers oscillating, and so we get nerve messages coming from them to the brain, which interprets them as sound or speech. There is no difference in the messages themselves between these two cases of sight and hearing; the only distinction is that the messages come in along different paths, and so we recognize them as different; the tradesmen come to the back door, the visitors to the front, but they are really the same kind of people.

There are other little microphones, as we might call them, for picking up other kinds of messages. Inside one's mouth and nose, dotted over the surface of the mucous membrane, are many little receivers which give us the sense of smell and taste. Scattered over the skin are other receivers, giving us the feelings of touch, heat, cold, or pain. Each feeling owns a special kind of receiver: the one which is sensitive to heat is not sensitive to touch or

* Professor Hill's previous articles appeared in *THE NATION* on June 11th, 18th, 25th, July 2nd, 16th, and 23rd.

light: the one which gives us the idea of cold will not respond to pain or sound. Our ordinary sensations are composed of mixtures of these in various proportions. The taste of our food is made up of various different savours and smells; music is made up of different sounds.

Less obvious, perhaps, but just as important to our well-being, are other sensitive receivers scattered about inside the body. In the muscles themselves are "muscle spindles," which tell us about our muscles, what is happening in them, whether they are contracting, whether they are stretched, and the force they are exerting. In the tendons of the muscles and in the joints are other receivers, telling us what is happening in them. In connection with our ears, though nothing to do with the perception of sound, are other beautiful and sensitive mechanisms for telling us about our position in space, mentioning to us whether we are the right way up or not, informing us how fast we are turning and in what direction, concerned with the balance and what physiologists call the "posture" of the body.

How do we know how heavily an object is pressing on our skin? How loud a sound is? How bright a light? How heavy the weight we are holding in our hands? How cold an object we are touching? How hot the water in which we wash? Simple questions perhaps, but for many years they have been very difficult to answer. The difficulty lay here: that the messages which travel in a nerve are what we call "all or none"—either they travel or they do not travel, but if they travel they are independent of the stimulus that set them up. When a nerve fires off its message it is like a gun firing off its cartridge: if the cartridge explodes, one cannot alter its force by pulling the trigger harder. If, then, the nerve can only carry messages of one size, how do we get stronger and weaker sensations from our end-organs? The answer has just been given by Dr. Adrian at Cambridge.

In his experiments he employs the amplifying valve for magnifying the little electric waves that run along a nerve when it carries a message. By a two-thousand-fold magnification these became much more easy to detect. So sensitive is the arrangement that the messages running along a single fibre in a nerve can be recorded on a photographic plate. A little muscle of the frog was used in which there was only one sensitive end-organ capable of responding to a pull on the muscle. This little organ remained connected to its nerve fibre, and the whole nerve containing the fibre was placed on silver wires, and the currents made when the muscle was stretched were led off. These were magnified by the amplifying valves and recorded in a dark-room on a moving plate. When the muscle was pulled very gently the waves came along the nerve only infrequently. When it was pulled harder more messages came, when it was pulled very hard there were many messages. Each of these messages was the same—a stronger pull merely caused more of them to travel. The same experiment has been made in many ways. Whenever anything was done which excited one of these sensitive end-organs and so caused messages to run along its fibre (which would have caused "feeling" had the animal been alive), it was found that the greater the exciting cause, the greater was the frequency of the messages that came along in consequence. The question therefore was answered. If anything feels hotter or heavier, or sounds louder, or looks brighter, it is because it is producing more messages every second in the nerves that carry the sensation to the brain. A stronger stimulus, of course, may sometimes send messages in more nerve fibres than a weaker stimulus, for example, by spreading out over a larger area and reaching more end-organs. But even if only the same number of fibres are set working it is possible to alter the "feeling" when the thing causing it is altered simply by changing the number of the messages which run every second along the sensory nerves of the nervous system. Our nervous systems are teeming with messages all the time, all finding their proper path, all graduated in intensity by means of the frequency with which they come, all causing the appropriate response.

What happens in response to all these messages? First, of course, they make us aware of what is happen-

ing to us and around us; they give our conscious selves the means of deciding whether to do anything, and, if so, what. They accomplish, however, much more than that. A message to the fire-brigade is more than a message—it is a command. One does not inform the fire-brigade that one's house is alight merely because one thinks they will be interested. They start at once to come: an elaborate series of responses is set up by one message. So it is in the body. All this information that is coming in is not merely to interest you yourself that are sitting up aloft and admiring what is going on. Imperiously it calls up certain replies; it causes certain orders to be sent to the muscles; even when you are apparently doing nothing, you are not really altogether at rest; your muscles are still showing a state of tone, they are not quite flaccid, they are supporting your limbs, maintaining your posture, keeping you in position, and often when accidents happen your muscles work quite automatically to put things right. If a fly settles on your face you brush it off; if you slip or fall you try to save yourself, and often succeed long before you have had time to think about it. How is all this done? It occurs as an answer to the streams of messages that are pouring in and being sorted and arranged in the nervous system. If you are walking you do not consciously decide to take the next step, nor do you direct all the details of it. During the course of each movement, messages are coming in and telling you whether the movement is right, keeping you informed of the position occupied and the force exerted by your limbs and muscles; and in reply messages are going out again, perhaps slightly to alter, or adjust, the movements of your muscles, to keep them regulated or timed correctly.

The time occupied in a muscular movement may seem very short, but except in the case of a few very simple movements it is long enough for many things to happen. When a man starts out to sail a boat from one place to another he does not just set his course once for all and fix his tiller; throughout the journey he is watching the wind and waves and tide and making fine adjustments to his sails and rudder. If a wave or a gust puts him out of his course he brings himself back again; there is a continual adjustment of the boat to the conditions that exist outside it, or inside it. The rudder and the sails are not independent: if the setting of one is altered, the setting of the other must be altered too. Just the same process of play and interplay of the different parts of the body, reacting to each other and to the conditions outside, occurs in every movement of the muscles. In some diseases of the nervous system the "afferent neurones," as they are called, the lines which bring messages in, are affected, and the impulses which normally keep the nervous system informed of what is going on in the limbs and muscles no longer reach it. If the eyes are open movements can still be carried out and the posture maintained, but the movements are stilted, jerky, and unco-ordinated, while if the eyes be closed, the sufferer will sway violently and tend to fall. For skill, accuracy, and precision of movement, this continual play and interplay of messages, in and out, is essential.

These messages that go out in response to those that come in differ from them in no way; they also are "all or none," they also travel at a high speed, they pass only along different lines, along "efferent" and not "afferent" neurones. They can be detected in the same manner, namely, by recording the electric changes which accompany their passage. Probably about fifty to one hundred of them reach the muscle fibres every second. If a muscle be required to contract more strongly messages come to it along more nerve fibres and more muscle fibres react. The only way in which the response of the muscle can be graduated is by means of adjusting the number of fibres in it that are stimulated. As regards sensation, the messages going in can be graduated by adjusting their frequency. With outgoing messages, however, no such graduation is possible: the muscle responds fully to thirty or forty impulses per second, and below that frequency it gives, not a smooth contraction, but one which shows a tremor. The only way in which one can employ a greater, or a smaller, force is by exciting a greater, or a smaller, number of fibres in the muscles that exert it.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

THE Everyman Theatre is now providing a show anybody who can should go and see. It begins with Mr. Shaw's "Overruled," which is Mr. Shaw at his most amusing and unrealistic. If only Mr. Shaw would pay a little more attention to the art which bores him, so as to make the form give the idea a final fillip, he might rank as a stylist beside Farquhar. He seems unable to finish off what has been a most hilarious half-hour or so. Following this is Strindberg's "The Father," one of the best of that born dramatist's pieces. One feels all the time that something of real importance is going on, of importance not only to the characters, but to ourselves. This is the secret of great playwriting, but how it is achieved, nobody has yet been quite able to formulate. The tensions, and change of tensions, in this piece are worth noticing in this connection. The story is that of the struggle of a father and mother over the life of their child, and the wife breaks her husband by poisoning his mind with the suspicion that the child is, after all, perhaps not his own. This play is the outcome of Strindberg's most raging anti-feminism; our sympathies are meant to be engaged on the side of the advanced man against the superstitious women; but there is so much honesty of vision in Strindberg that the play soars into the realms of a work of art where our personal sympathies are in abeyance, and we watch fascinated the terrible havoc human beings make of each other. Miss Haidee Wright was admirable as the nurse, and acted the last scene with much imaginative power. Miss Dorothy Dix was consistently good, sinister yet graceful, never overdoing it, in the part of the wife.

"The Cage," the new play by Joan Temple at the Savoy, is a good specimen of what is unfortunately becoming rather an old-fashioned type of drama. Ena Simmons shows the high imaginativeness of her nature by forming a *union libre*, a fact which is immediately discovered by her relations owing to there being "something strange about her" and owing to her own complete inability to keep her marvellous secret. The comedy lies in these vulgar suburban relations, who lacerate their sensitive daughter in every way. After a certain amount of hesitation the girl goes back to her lover. Incidentally, the lover's wife is in a lunatic asylum, so the "moral problem" raised is of the slightest. The theme is getting worn rather thin, but Miss Temple has provided the mother with some extremely amusing patter, of which Miss Sydney Fairbrother made the most, and a knitting scene between Mrs. Simmons and her poor friend Miss Ostin (very well played by Miss Margaret Carter) was quite entertaining. Still, seduction in the suburbs should be given a rest by our playwrights. A rather unsophisticated audience enjoyed everything, particularly one of those comic housemaids, without which no stage suburban household is complete.

If "Robinson Crusoe" had to be filmed, let us be thankful that it was done by an English producer of intelligence and taste, and not by an American anxious to gain the "publicity value" of the title and using the story for his own ends. We should probably have had Man Friday turned into "Woman Friday"; she would have been one of those succulent sham savages which are to be found only in the wilds of Hollywood, and the story would have ended differently. As it is, Mr. M. A. Wetherell (who may be remembered from his "Livingstone" film) has made, on the whole, a very good job of it. It was a bold undertaking, for "Robinson Crusoe," being concerned almost entirely with the reactions of one man to one situation, is, on the face of it, essentially unsuitable to the screen. Though much of the flavour of the story is inevitably lost, Mr. Wetherell, who plays the part of Crusoe as well as producing the film, accomplishes both rôles with great restraint, and the film is never dull or too sentimental. The "love interest," which almost necessarily for commercial reasons, we suppose, has to be introduced, is extremely discreet and reduced to a minimum: we see only glimpses of Miss Fay Compton sitting at home spin-

ning, and looking very pretty in a seventeenth-century dress. And Man Friday is a most engaging creature, who acts with great spirit and would be the greatest consolation on a desert island.

Things to see and hear during the coming week :—

Saturday, August 18th.—

Promenade Concerts begin, Queen's Hall.
The Duchess of Atholl at Meikleour.

Monday, August 15th.—

"Potiphar's Wife," at the Globe.
"The Intriguing Lady," at "Q" Theatre.

Wednesday, August 17th.—

Vale of Rydal Sheep Dog Trials.
King Edward's Hospital Fund for London: Sir Walter Bell conducts visit to Kensington Palace: meet at entrance to State Apartments, 3.30 p.m.

Thursday, August 18th.—

Grasmere Sports.

OMICRON.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH.

(Gerrard 3928.)

Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday and Friday, at 2.30.

"THARK."

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS. (Ger. 4460.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.

MARIE TEMPEST in

"THE SPOT ON THE SUN."

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER.

DRURY LANE. EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG." A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERRARD.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Gerrard 6513

THE VAMPIRE PLAY,

"DRACULA."

NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATINEES: WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY at 2.30.

FORTUNE THEATRE. Regent 1597.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS. RONALD SQUIRE.

KINGSWAY. (Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in

"MARIGOLD."

LYRIC Hammersmith. Riverside 3012. EVENINGS at 8.30.

"WHEN CRUMMLES PLAYED —"

An entertainment inspired by Charles Dickens.

Produced by NIGEL PLAYFAIR. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Gerr. 3416. Evgs., 8.45. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.

"MEET THE WIFE." By LYNN STARLING.

CONSTANCE COLLIER. GEORGE TULLY. HENRY DANIELL.

CINEMAS.

CAPITOL, Haymarket, S.W. Continuous DAILY, 1 to 11. SUNS., 6 to 11.

Commencing Monday next, August 15th. For one week only.

JETTA GOUDAL in "WHITE GOLD."

Also

JACKIE COOGAN in "JOHNNY GET YOUR HAIR CUT."

ART EXHIBITION.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH PAINTINGS.

Important Exhibition now Open.

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square.

10-6.

Sats., 10-1.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

"A FILTHY LITTLE ATHEIST"

THE words were applied by the late President Roosevelt to Thomas Paine, for whom, Leslie Stephen said, "good Englishmen expressed their disgust by calling him Tom, and the name still warns all men that its proprietor does not deserve even posthumous civility." The first time I ever heard of its proprietor was, as a child, when my tutor repeated the line "Have you not read 'The Rights of Man,' by Tom Paine?" and he must have shared Mr. Roosevelt's opinion, for it was years before Tom Paine meant anything to me but the name of one of the world's greatest rascals. Life treated Tom Paine pretty hardly, but death treated him worse, and the fact that an ultra-patriotic American President could think of nothing better to say of him than that he was a filthy little atheist is a warning that posterity has given him neither posthumous civility nor posthumous justice.

* * *

Very few men have had greater effect upon the history of their time than had Tom Paine, and he wrote three famous books which nobody now reads, but which had enormous influence upon his contemporaries and the minds of thousands of ordinary men during the first half of the nineteenth century. The eighteenth-century Englishman of the middle classes and "the lower orders," as they were called, was in no sense a political animal; he was more often than not an ignorant, illiterate barbarian to whom an idea about the society in which he lived was as foreign as an idea about higher mathematics. That he should be kept permanently in this condition seemed to his rulers and betters essential for the maintenance of their own position, the security of the State, and the stability of society. And he might perhaps have remained long in this torpor of mental inanition if it had not been for three things: the French Revolution, the ruthless injustice with which the upper classes used their power against the working classes during the industrial revolution, and the writings of Tom Paine and William Cobbett.

* * *

The upper classes had, therefore, good reason for hating Tom Paine. The malignant legends as to his life and views, which that hatred engendered, have persisted to our day. It is significant that there is no really good biography of the author of "The Rights of Man." The best is that of Moncure Conway who, however, by a natural reaction was too indiscriminately on Paine's side. I was therefore very glad to see that a new biography had been published, "Thomas Paine, Prophet and Martyr of Democracy," by Mary Agnes Best (Allen & Unwin, 16s.). I was rather disappointed and irritated by the book itself. A persistent and patient reader will find in it practically all the relevant facts and, on the whole, a just and discriminating estimate of Paine's character, life, and teachings. But it is a badly written and badly arranged book. Miss Best is a biographer who hardly ever gives us a date, and an author who tries to enliven her style by writing: "Somebody was interested in keeping an agile feline in the bag," when all she means is that somebody was interested in keeping a fact secret.

A good biography of Tom Paine and a study of his views and his influence still remain to be written. He was a very curious character with several streaks of genius in him. Leslie Stephen, with patronizing superiority, called him "a man of vast ignorance." To me his vast knowledge, and the great range of his interest and thought, seem to be more surprising than the gaps in his knowledge. It is true that he began life as a stay-maker and must have been mainly self-educated, and he had many of the qualities in stay-makers and self-educated persons which exasperate persons of real, academic culture. He had a natural instinct for civilization rather than for culture; he was by nature, too, a rebel, a man whose eyes were always directed to the future. A rare kind of political imagination enabled him to change abstract ideas into practical visions of a civilized order of society. To some he has always seemed, therefore, an idealist and a visionary. But he was, in that case, a visionary who was capable of playing an active and vigorous part in practical politics. He was nearly thirty-eight, when, having failed as a stay-maker and exciseman, penniless and obscure, he went to America. Within little more than a year he had become famous as the author of "Common Sense," which must be counted as one of the few political pamphlets which have been a main factor in altering the course of history. "Common Sense" turned American discontent into an overwhelming demand for Independence, and it gave to that demand the principles and political philosophy which less than twelve months later Paine himself helped to incorporate in the Declaration of Independence.

* * *

After the publication of "Common Sense" Paine took a leading part in the American revolution. He fought in the ranks, but his political writings in the "Crisis" had a tremendous influence on public opinion. As Secretary to Congress and special envoy to France, he showed himself a man of sound sense, great enlightenment, and of iron will where principle was involved. He arrived in France in 1787, just in time for his second revolution, in which once more he played a leading part. He showed his courage and humanity by speaking out boldly in the National Convention against the execution of the king, and he paid the penalty under the Terror by suffering eighteen months in prison and narrowly escaping the guillotine. Meanwhile, he wrote two famous books, "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason," which produced upon the minds of the English working classes something of that effect which the "philosophes" had produced upon the minds of the upper and middle classes of France in the eighteenth century. His writings are still remarkable, though they may not appeal to our generation. He relies on reason, which is not now fashionable, but which in his time was a powerful instrument of persuasion, as the popularity of Godwin and, to some extent, of Cobbett showed. In his democracy, his humanitarianism, his pacifism, his feminism, his views on property and economics, he was about a century ahead of his time. Unfortunately for his reputation, he was not "respectable," and he attacked established religion. So he remains a filthy little atheist.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE LIGHT AGES

The Wandering Scholars. By HELEN WADDELL. (Constable. 21s.)

THERE are signs that the study of mediæval Latin is coming into its own again, and not the least shining of them is this book of Miss Waddell's. Not only is it the fruit of wide and solid learning, but it is the fruit of a poet's mind; and scholars with poets' minds are rare enough in this wicked world. Historically, perhaps, it suffers from a certain looseness of construction, but this is a venial fault, and more than atoned for by the style, the wit, and the warm understanding of her exposition. Her mind is as well stored with new as with old poetry; constantly, in a flash, some modern comparison makes the mediæval analogy clear; she will quote Walter de la Mare as readily as Baudri of Bourgeuil, and will track

"Ut mei misereatur
Ut me recipiat
Et declinetur ad me,
Et ita destinat"

to "its last and absolute perfection,"

"By brooks too broad for leaping
The light-foot lads are laid,
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade."

Her book is as much a history of low Latin lyric poetry as a history of the wandering scholars; and her own translations are as felicitous as those in which John Addington Symonds first introduced this rich rose-harvest to English readers.

For mediæval Latin, despised as a bastard (yet how beautiful a love-child!) by classical scholarship and classed with the language of apothecaries by popular ignorance, is a most lively and most lovely tongue. All through the centuries of which Miss Waddell writes, culminating in the glorious twelfth, its liveliness is its chief characteristic. It is not only the language in which great scholars in monasteries hold high converse and write learned treatises or majestic hymns; it is also the language of familiar letters, in which out-at-elbows students beg and are saucy and make shameless love and write home to their sisters for a pair of boots. It is not only the language of prose, but of exquisite verse, stammering a little at first, but soon finding its birdlike, poignant note and its matchless dewy freshness. That verse is at once the fountain into which classical lyric broke at last in a thousand sparkling drops, and the bubbling source from which the modern vernacular lyric rose. For there are no dark ages in history; there are only ages about which our ignorance is dark. The twelfth-century Renaissance was not a renaissance in the sense of a rebirth after the death and putrefaction of old culture; it was rather an efflorescence, the bursting of a bud into full bloom. Spring, even in the ninth century, foretold that immortal summer, and there is no weak link in the silver chain between ancient and mediæval civilization.

In these "Dark Ages" men look back and see antiquity in the distance, veiled in the mists of the Barbarian invasion, but as yet separated from them by no rolling sea of vernacular. "To the mediæval scholar, with no sense of perspective but a strong sense of continuity, Virgil and Cicero are but upper reaches of the river that still flows past his door." All the Barbarian races have taken to themselves ancestors in Troy, like *nouveaux riches* hurrying to the Herald's Office; and as to the "Æniad," "Dido Queen of Carthage," says Miss Waddell, "was the romantic heroine of the Middle Ages. [They] cried over her as the young men of the eighteenth century cried over Manon Lescaut." It is true that earnest Christians sometimes feared that the classics were as dangerous as they were fascinating, and Virgil a beautiful vase out of which serpents came coiling, but they read for all that, and their own style bore the royal impress. "Dye your wool once purple," said St. Jerome, whose prose was witness that he had read the poets, "and what water will cleanse it of that stain?" Even Ermenrich of Ellwangen in the ninth century, who believed Virgil to be

"in a Very Bad Place" (and not there in Dante's capacity of cicerone either), was fain to excuse his quotations with the rude but flattering metaphor that "even as dung spread upon the field enriches it to good harvest, so the filthy writings of the pagan poets are a mighty aid to divine eloquence."

The ninth and tenth centuries in Europe seem dark and queer and alien to the twentieth; we feel more spiritual affinity with a small island at the far end of Asia, where at their close, in a refined and sophisticated court princes were making tiny lyrics to the autumn leaves and the Lady Murasaki was covering page after page interminably with her brush. But the European world of kings and abbots and wandering scholars has its charm too, simple and clear like a dewdrop. Charlemagne's Court was "a lively Court," with its naughty princesses and its eager scholars, Alcuin, their leader, who liked to call himself "Horace," Angilbert, who collected manuscripts as eagerly as any Petrarch and was called "Homer," Theodulfus, the judge, who could design vases and founded the schools of Orleans, and Charlemagne, earnest old man, going to bed with his slate under his pillow, so that he might practise his letters when he woke, "King David" to his saints and singing men. Or leave the Court and go the round of the monasteries, Reichenau, St. Gall, St. Riquier, and the rest; mark Strabo stooping over his garden, watering-pot in hand; mark the shoal of Irish scholars, swimming about all over Europe, writing notes to each other on the margin of Priscian, breaking into Irish words to slake their homesick hearts, dreaming of Clonmacnoise and grey seas and the cuckoo calling above the cell, cursing at the German beer, which lay heavy on their stomachs, lecturing magisterially like the great John Scotus Erigena, a Greek born out of his time, or singing exquisitely like Sedulius of Liège, exiled in the marches of Friuli:—

"O quid iubes, pusiole,
Quare mandas, filiole,
Carmen dulce me cantare
Cum sim longe exul valde
Intra mare.
O cur iubes canere?"

And so it goes on, through the tenth century, with the three friends Notker, Tutilo, and Ratpert in the cloister of St. Gall and at the end with the inscrutable Gerbert in St. Peter's chair; through the eleventh century with Damian and his cry, "How strange a thing is man! But half a cubit of him and a universe of material things will not satisfy it," and the beginnings of that "craze for verse," which came to its full flowering at last in the twelfth century.

For in the twelfth century both the learning and the singing, of which these despised Dark Ages are full, had so amazing and rich a harvest that even blind eyes can see it. The twelfth and the early thirteenth centuries are the age *par excellence* of the wandering scholar and his lyrics, whose ancestry Miss Waddell has traced. Sometimes he was a real master of knowledge, sometimes a graceless vagabond, coughing and shivering and blaspheming and singing like a lark. The Goliard is the Villon of the twelfth century, the congenital wanderer,

"For to admire and for to see,
For to be old the world so wide,
It never did no good to me,
But I can't stop it, if I tried;"

or, as the twelfth century put it,

"Et recurrat
Et transcurrat
Et discurrat
in urbe rotunda."

They sing for supper or for a solace and are equally at home with passionate love song or with scurvy jest. They will make the matchless "Dum Diane vitrea" and parody it in the impish "Dum domus lampidea," both of which Miss Waddell translates. For, as she has triumphantly shown, "they kept the imagination of Europe alive, held untouched by their rags and poverty and squalor the beauty that had made beautiful old rhyme"; and they have their niche, from which not even neglect can dislodge them, in the temple of lyric poetry.

EILEEN POWER.

WHOLESOME HOLIDAY FICTION

The Ordeal of Monica Mary. By W. L. GEORGE. (Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.)

The Peacemaker. By PAUL TRENT. (Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.)

Daughters of Jezebel. By HENRY HOLT. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

Sir Percy Hits Back. By BARONESS ORCZY. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

Dumphry. By BARRY PAIN. (Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.)

Witch Wood. By JOHN BUCHAN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

Green Forest. By NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

ANY publisher who dares to defy convention by issuing a remarkable book in July or August, secures the gratitude of jaded reviewers, and therefore of the author too. But for the most part they are content at this season to send out wholesome holiday reading—such inconspicuous and innocuous books, namely, as form the majority on this list, which will serve the holiday-maker as stuffing either for an empty suitcase or an empty hour.

Even W. L. George has achieved the holiday standard of wholesomeness in his posthumous novel, "The Ordeal of Monica Mary." For although the lady's adventures are many and Mexican, and her virtue is repeatedly threatened by half-castes and brigands, yet she is as often rescued by happy coincidences from death—and worse than death. While her English nobleman is restored to her with his honour even more miraculously salvaged from shady adventures among revolutionaries and women. This is a silly book, and does less than justice to an author who, though he never wrote well, was seldom inane, and often interesting.

Many novelists besides W. L. George are indebted for their plots to the revolutionary disposition of Latin Americans; but none have borrowed more unscrupulously than Mr. Paul Trent in "The Peacemaker." Mr. Trent's idea of a peacemaker is a dishonest millionaire who leaves Wall Street and all its crooked ways for the love of a good woman, and swears to indulge her whim of bringing peace upon earth. With this intent he charts a steam yacht, fits her with guns, crams her hold with rifles, and swoops down into the embroilments of a South American State. There he fires his guns and drops his bombs until one side (it does not much matter which) is beaten, and he has proved his devotion to the cause of universal peace.

After the fatuity of these two books, we seem at first to touch something much nearer to reality in "Daughters of Jezebel," by Mr. Henry Holt; but this first impression is quite illusory. Many of the stories are slick and plausible, but their would-be starkness is really only crudity, and their tolerance soon betrays itself as sentimentality with shingled hair. Nor is Mr. Holt the first to write about heroic gaol-birds and prostitutes with hearts of gold.

Although "Sir Percy Hits Back" with much of his old vigour, he is, alas! no longer the Scarlet Pimpernel of our school days; for there is too much of the idealist about him now, and too little of the *flâneur*. But though the story is slow, Baroness Orczy has filled in the background with more than usual care, and has once again contrived to paint the Revolution as something that was very, very wicked, but yet not sordid—or unwholesome!

It is always satisfactory to hear a specialist talking about what he knows; and there is therefore a great deal of satisfaction to be found in "Dumphry." For Mr. Barry Pain has a specialist's knowledge of Suburbia, tempered by a wide understanding of human nature in general, and Mr. Dumphry, chartered accountant, in particular. His humour is never farcical, since it depends less on situation than on character; but it is all the better for this, and is sufficiently persistent to enthrall Mr. Barry Pain's many admirers.

Mr. John Buchan, too, has a large following to whom his books need no introduction; but it is possible that "Witch Wood" may surprise them, even though it can hardly fail to delight. For Mr. Buchan has deserted spy-hunts for witch-hunts, and has taken for his hero the young minister of a Lowland village during the Civil War. David soon discovers many of his flock worshipping Satan on a pagan altar in a pine-wood, and sets himself against their orgies. But his covenanting colleagues disapprove of his liberal opinions, and his fight against superstition and hypocrisy ends in his own excommunication. The long year of disaster culminates in a pestilence which carries off David's

promised bride; and when he goes to seek his fortune as a soldier across the water, we feel, with relief, that he has turned from darkness into light.

If holiday reading must be wholesome, it must also be easy, and it is therefore impossible to recommend "Green Forest" to the tired business man. It is true that Miss Colby's obliquities and ellipses sometimes describe thought and emotion very closely; but they are as often distorted into obscurity and affectation, and the reader must be patient if he wishes to enjoy the subtle characterization and insight of this irritating book.

SHIPPING IN WARTIME

The War and the Shipping Industry. By C. ERNEST FAYLE. (Oxford University Press; published on behalf of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace by Humphrey Milford. 17s.)

TO this series of studies in the Economic and Social History of the World War, there is now added a valuable account of the part played by shipping. It is unprofitable to consider the control of shipping apart from the control of supplies, but as Mr. Fayle has already dealt with the maintenance of supplies by sea in a separate work in another series, he refers here only to the broad aspects of that problem. The present book, together with the author's "Seaborne Trade" and Sir Arthur Salter's "Allied Shipping Control," explains the function of shipping in the war, and the working of the control which the Government exercised over its movement and use.

The necessity to this country of a mercantile marine in excess of its own importing requirements in peace emerges from Mr. Fayle's narrative. The reader is able to trace how this great reserve of shipping was depleted by diversion to war uses and by the destructive forces of the enemy, how its carrying capacity was impaired by protective measures and port delays, and how, late in the day, the new standard ships were launched in the effort to repair wastage.

JONATHAN CAPE



MOTHER INDIA

by

Katherine Mayo

"It needed courage as well as knowledge to write this book. Miss Mayo, an American lady, has studied in India the things of which she writes, and they are things so painful that most writers about India shrink from writing about them, or at least from using the plain language in which she diagnoses the worst plague spots in the social customs and practices that still prevail behind the purdah and sap the life of an ancient and highly gifted people. . . . She has seen things with her own eyes and heard them with her own ears, and she knows how to state her facts vividly."

Times Literary Supplement
2nd Impression

10s. 6d. net

THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

The steps are noted by which tonnage was called in from the less essential trades and focused upon the nearest sources of supply in the direct service of the Allies, until this policy found its extreme expression in the "Atlantic concentration." This result was secured by a series of administrative expedients and experiments, which were not fully co-ordinated until the Ministry of Shipping was established in the closing days of 1916. Helped by access to official documents, Mr. Fayle describes the place of Ship Licensing, Temporary Release, Limitation of Coal Freights, Direction of Tonnage, Centralized Chartering, and other partial methods of control in the evolution of a complete scheme.

When economy of tonnage had become the sole and constant preoccupation of everyone concerned with shipping, it seemed natural to assume that this consideration explained the origin of the Government's possession of the mercantile marine. In fact, it was the desire to limit freights and to restrict the profits of shipowners that led to the early exercise of the prerogative right of requisition for the transport of commercial commodities, and upon which the Government based their final decision to requisition all British shipping at the end of 1916.

These profits and the fortunes made by sales Mr. Fayle does not seek to minimize, and he finds himself unable to "acquit some owners and managers of a failure to respond to the moral obligations imposed on them." The public spirit of shipowners as a whole is, however, freely acknowledged, as is the ungrudging personal service which most of them gave in operating a system they disliked. The objections to any regulation of freights are clearly exposed. Shipowners were unfairly criticized for exacting market rates of freight in so far as they had the free disposal of their own tonnage. There was no other means of judging between competing claims for space, and if freights had been limited, in the hope of restricting prices, while commodities had been left free, the effect would merely have been to transfer profits from shipowners to merchants without advantage to the consumer. Indeed, when the Government itself carried uncontrolled goods in requisitioned space, it followed the same rule. The only sound principle in such circumstances was to carry public goods at cost and private goods at market rates. Another serious objection to limitation of freights was that such a policy was bound to drive away neutral shipping from allied service.

If freights (and owners' profits) were to be limited, and if the war effort of which shipping was capable was to be raised to a maximum, there was no practicable alternative to the control of staple commodities by purchase at their source and of all allied shipping by requisition. Mr. Fayle is impressed, if not completely convinced, by the contrary arguments of the large and influential section of shipowners which took the view that at all stages of the war Government intervention led to waste and not to economy of shipping, and that if Government, while leaving shipping alone, had acted early and vigorously enough in other directions, wholesale requisitioning might have been avoided. The attempt to restore equilibrium between supply and demand should no doubt have been made earlier. More might have been achieved by a drastic and immediate restriction of imports. More might have been done to prevent or reduce congestion in the ports. Merchant ship-building might have been encouraged and stimulated from the start. Theoretically, a sufficient restriction of effective demand should have itself regulated freights, limited profits and economized tonnage. But it is difficult to be persuaded that under such a system the commodities most needed in the public interest, as opposed to what private purses might prefer to buy, would have been imported at the right moment and in the right quantities to the exclusion of the things which were not essential.

At the same time, the importance of leaving shipping to be managed by shipping men cannot be over-emphasized, and this was one of the fundamental conceptions of the Shipping Controller in shaping the organization of his Ministry.

The financial and administrative relations between shipping and the State rightly occupy the greater part of Mr. Fayle's book. But mention must be made of his excellent

statement of the service rendered by the scheme of War Risk Insurance in restoring the mobility of tonnage in the early weeks of the war, of the chapters on State building and the standard ship, and of the notes upon the relations between owners and men.

MACEDON

The Cambridge Ancient History. Edited by J. B. BURY, S. A. COOK, and F. E. ADcock. Vol. VI.—*Macedon, 401-301 B.C.* (30s.); Vol. of Plates I. Prepared by C. T. SELTMAN. (25s.) (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS volume, which almost exactly covers the fourth century B.C., starts with the morrow of the Battle of Ægospotami and leaves the next volume to start with the morrow of Ipsus. The first impression made on a reader's mind is a painful and oppressive consciousness of the international anarchy. Ægospotami marks the overthrow of the idea of the Confederation of Pelos—with nothing to replace it except the King's Peace, in which all the little States are hypocritically declared independent in order that the Great Powers may dominate them with the greater ease. A century later Ipsus marks the overthrow of the political structures created by the genius of Philip and Alexander. The wheel of Greek history seems to have moved full cycle; and the return to anarchy is not redeemed by the fact that, during the interval, the unhappy Oriental World has been shaken out of an anodyne slumber and drawn into the vortex. It is the same first impression whether we turn our eyes east or west. In Sicily, Dionysius I., at the cost of city-State autonomy, lays the foundations of an Empire which ought to have anticipated the achievements of Rome in the Western Mediterranean; but Catana and Naxos are destroyed in vain. In Sicily, too, Greek history takes its cyclic course; the anarchy returns; and eventually Hellenism is imparted to the West, not by its Greek creators, but by their Roman imitators.

This is the first impression made by the volume. The second impression, as the reader reflects upon Mr. Cornford's chapter on the Athenian philosophical schools, is one of vast and enduring achievement. This extreme contrast between great achievement in some spheres of life and great failure in others is the note of the fourth century, which distinguishes it from the age before the Peloponnesian War.

In the lives of individuals the contrast takes the form of extraordinary changes of scale. Plato is confronted with the choice between being a politician in a city-State of 30,000 citizens which was to lose its independence within ten years of his death, or being a philosopher whose thought was to influence men's conceptions of the Universe for all time. Alexander started his career with tribal warfare in the Balkan hinterland of Macedonia and lived to be the conqueror of the Oriental World.

It is hardly possible to re-read the story of Alexander without being arrested and fascinated, however dully the tale may be told. It is certainly impossible in this volume, for the editors have found in Mr. Tarn a writer who rises to the occasion. Mr. Tarn's chapters, with their happy union of exact scholarship, critical judgment, and sympathetic imagination, are likely to rank as the best thing that has yet been written in English on this great theme. They invite quotation:—

"The primary reason why Alexander invaded Persia was, no doubt, that he never thought of *not* doing it; it was his inheritance. . . .

"He was fortunate in his death. His fame could hardly have increased; but it might perhaps have been diminished. For he died with the real task yet before him. He had made war as few have made it; it remained to be seen if he could make peace. He had, like Columbus, opened up a new world; it remained to be seen what he could do with it. No man since has possessed so unquestionably the strongest power upon earth; had he desired, he could have conquered Carthage or Rome, just as (so Chandragupta said) he could have conquered Northern India. But he could have done nothing with them had he conquered them; he could do nothing even with the Punjab. But there is no reason to suppose that he had formed any design of world-conquest. . . . What he would have aimed at, had he lived, we do not know; we can only try to see what he was and what he did. . . .

"What this force of character was like can be best seen not in his driving power, great as it was, but in his relati-

with his generals. Here was an assembly of kings, with passions, ambitions, abilities beyond those of most men; and, while he lived, all we see is that Perdiccas and Ptolemy were good brigade-leaders, Antigonos an obedient satrap, Lysimachus and Peithon little-noticed members of the staff; even on the masterful Cassander he so imposed himself during their brief acquaintance that Cassander, when king himself, could not pass a statue of Alexander without shivering. . . .

"Alexander's policy of the fusion of races . . . was a great and courageous dream, which, as he planned it, failed. . . . What he did succeed in ultimately giving to parts of Western Asia was not political equality with Greece, but community of culture. . . ."

Alexander's career aptly illustrates the Islamic philosopher's paradox that it is a fatal defect in a ruler to be too clever. No Achæmenid—except perhaps Cyrus in a dim way—had ever caught Alexander's vision; yet the Achæmenid Empire, when Alexander destroyed it, was actually bringing about the fusion of races by sheer *vis inertiae* and the passage of time. Alexander fell upon the nebulous mass of Oriental society like a meteor, shattered its inchoate organic unity, and drove it out of its course for a thousand years. The community of culture, which was his ultimate gift, bore fruit in Christianity, but this gift was not for the East, but for an unborn Western world. The East did not come into its own again until, under the ægis of Islam, it at last released itself from Græco-Roman ascendancy. Then the Arab Caliphate took up the task which the Achæmenid Empire had left uncompleted.

Mr. Tarn's chapters on Alexander give this volume of the Cambridge Ancient History its character; but it would be wrong to pass over without mention Dr. Cook's chapter on the inauguration of Judaism or Professor Bury's on Dionysius. This chapter is perhaps Professor Bury's last work, for his death occurred while the volume was in the press. It is a worthy example of his scholarship—though it is hardly possible to take any particular piece of work as an example in the case of a historian whose range of interest was so varied and whose achievement was so wide.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

TRAVEL AND TRAVELLERS

- Mornings in Mexico.** By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)
Travels in Spain and the East, 1808-1810. By SIR FRANCIS SACHEVERELL DARWIN. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)
Yarns of the Seven Seas. By COMMANDER F. G. COOPER, R.D., R.N.R. Illustrated. (Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.)
Lamuriac, and Other Sketches. By THE COUNTESS OF CROMER. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)
Ireland: Its Places of Beauty, Entertainment, Sport, and Historic Association. By STEPHEN GWYNN. The Kitbag Travel Books. (Harrap. 7s. 6d.)

MANY of our modern novelists who spend six months in Sumatra, enjoy the rate of exchange upon a Balearic isle, or colour their chapters under Pacific palms, might write as well at home. The case of Mr. D. H. Lawrence is different. His imagination is tactile. He depicts the sharp impingement of sun upon senses. He has outpassed the vineyard; the strange flora of Australia have but arrested him for a mood. The cactus, the arid irritation of the desert, the crepitant heat of tropical suns stimulate his mind and urge his surrender to the greater consciousness of his later philosophic theorizing. His sketches of scenery and of primitive life in Mexico are highly interesting studies in rapprochement. In the pueblo Indians Mr. Lawrence has found a primitive race that moves and has its poor being within a greater consciousness. In a vivid impression of his native servant and of a long walk to a remote hill village Mr. Lawrence conveys to us strongly his sense of an inarticulate folk, sullen and instinctive. We are, however, left with the suspicion that Mr. Lawrence is entirely subjective, that he remains the highly sensitive and imaginative tourist, lacking that faculty of being able to mix with other peoples which one finds in a Hudson, Sygne, or Doughty. Most people have experienced at some time or other, in a remote district or, say, fishing settlement, the instinctive closure of the clan against the stranger, the secret watchfulness and impassivity that conceal a friendly and vivacious community life. Such aloofness and self-conscious furtiveness seem

to be interpreted by Mr. Lawrence as a further proof of his theory of stomachic consciousness. "The consciousness of one branch of humanity is the annihilation of the consciousness of another branch. . . . We can understand the consciousness of the Indian only in terms of the death of our consciousness." This despairing attitude of agnosticism is not sustained, happily, by Mr. Lawrence, for he hastens to interpret poetically the sacred tribal dances of the Indians. The snake dance, watched by a thousand Americans in their parked cars, is described with a self-conscious impatience of modern curiosity. In the Dance of the Sprouting Corn, Mr. Lawrence's words become metrical feet:—

"And all the time, they weave nakedly through the unheeding dance, comical, weird, dancing the dance-step naked and fine, prancing through the lines, up and down the lines, and making fine gestures with their flexible hands, calling something down from the sky, calling something up from the earth, and dancing forward all the time. Suddenly as they catch a word from the singers, name of a star, of a wind, a name for the sun, their hands soar up and gather in the air, soar down with a slow motion. And again, as they catch a word that means earth, earth deeps, water within the earth, or red-earth-quickening, the hands flutter softly down, and draw up the water, draw up the earth-quickening, earth to sky, sky to earth, influences above to influences below, to meet in the germ-quick of corn, where life is."

This is sheer romance; but, otherwise, Mr. Lawrence is accurate in describing, without pity, the daily sensation of life in Mexico, the autochthonous cry of parrots, the colour, the sting of heat and the stink.

Nothing could be more in contrast with these modern and sharp outcries than the decorous record of European travel written by Sir Francis Sacheverell Darwin, a century or so ago. Sir Francis faithfully followed out the programme of the Grand Tour, made his way stoically through the outskirting dangers of the Peninsular War and reached the Near East. Even wretched Spanish inns, "full of nocturnal vermin," failed to disturb the rotundity of his sentences. "A kind of reverence and awe takes possession of the mind in first contemplating the vast ruins of ancient genius," he is moved to exclaim on seeing the Parthenon, and having, presumably, dropped his pious tear, moves on. A son of the famous botanical poet, Sir Francis never betrayed the tradition of the Briton abroad, but his book is dull, and we remember with what calm his descendant, the great biologist, dispossessed mankind of Eden.

The tradition of the Grand Tour gives us Byron at one end and Sir Francis Darwin at the other. The passing of the sailing ship has given us a specialized sentiment fostered by poets and followed up by seamen. There are vivid memories of squalls under the square sail, of inebriate and rascally captains, and of coffin-ships, in Commander Cooper's book, "Yarns of the Seven Seas." There are odd glimpses, too, of our common humanity, of episodes which a novelist would hardly imagine. Commander Cooper tells us of a brigadier at Gallipoli who kept his men under Turkish fire in their boat, insisting that his feet would get wet—until he was dropped into the water by a captain who exclaimed: "There you are, boys, follow your bloody general ashore!" There is an equally interesting account of the captain of an Italian cruiser, at the burning of Salonika, holding up rescue work in order to save a piano. "Zere is a pianoforte, what you play, comme ça, and it belong à ces dames là, mes amies; soon it will burn, brulez, n'est ce pas, you understand me? We must sauver it, lentamente, and you will give ze man to porter ze pianoforte—transportare, porter, how you say in ze Inglese?" Commander Cooper adds an interesting, though timid, appreciation of Conrad.

The Countess of Cromer writes prettily of the home counties, canters in Kenya, and butterflies in India (Tagore). Her comment upon the Somme battlefield may be contrasted with that of the war poets: "year by year as summers advance the peasant will point to the red poppy fields and say: 'Even flowers were drenched with the heroes' blood.'" Into his little guidebook, Mr. Stephen Gwynn seems to have packed the best that he has written about Ireland. He has some wonderful recipe, of which love seems to be the main ingredient, for combining scenery, history (a spoonful), and information. His dulcet tone would lure anybody to the distressful isle of wonderful mountains, sunsets, and fish-teeming rivers.

BOSCH—AND MR. ROGER FRY

Flemish Art, A Critical Survey. By ROGER FRY. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

FROM the days of Whistler until a very few years ago the tendency in England was to believe that academies were necessarily bad. It may be fundamentally true. But nowadays we are only sure that the Royal Academy is not an academy at all in the original sense of the word. The original Reynolds standard of mental and technical accomplishment has to put up a hard fight outside against the quintessential bad taste that has dug itself in at Burlington House. The Reynolds tradition is represented with, to say the least of it, more distinction than it has ever been represented since the death of Sir Joshua by Mr. Roger Fry, and it is characteristic of our age that Mr. Fry is regarded as an artistic anarchist, whereas in reality he is probably the only living English painter-critic who could fill the post of President with a dignity, an enthusiasm, and an understanding of artistic essentials which Reynolds would approve. As a painter he has his ups and downs, but it can scarcely be maintained that he is less talented than Reynolds—the number of his pictures which are not *machines* is greater. He does sometimes achieve spontaneity. But what sets him apart is what sets Reynolds apart, his tireless industry, not only in searching for, but in expounding the principles of painting. Here he definitely takes up where Reynolds left off. He once edited Reynolds's "Discourses," and it may be said that the most important part of his own work has been to integrate the modern theory of art into the æsthetic philosophy that Reynolds built up as a result of his study of the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools of painting. Witness his justification of Picasso by reference to Raphael.

He has inherited, however, the limitations of the Reynolds mentality. Reynolds's æsthetic was of most value as a point of departure for Gainsborough and Constable, and it is not difficult to see why Mr. Fry may also become no more than a point of departure. He has only one great ideal in painting, the ideal realised by the Renaissance Italians and by Rubens and Rembrandt. He does not call it "the grand style," he calls it "amplitude of movement," and "abstract space construction," and "the power to construct even such complex forms as the human figure by means of mathematical formulæ," and so on. He tries to be just to other qualities in painting. He sees that Hubert van Eyck and his followers did, if not mathematically at least by careful and precise observation of each successive situation, solve the problem of perspective. But his criticism is always limited to these technical questions. And in the end painting as well as the other arts has its origins further back than mere technicality. The best technique is created by the artist who wants to say what he has to say as effectively as possible. And what he has to say is not without effect on the artistic values of his work. Mr. Fry's attitude to Hieronymus Bosch shows his limitation most clearly. The passage is worth quoting at length:—

"It seems incredible that anyone should have been turned from his evil ways by looking at Bosch's bogey-stories. But he was commended as a moral influence and learnedly commented by Spanish pietists. That enigmatic and sinister figure, Philip II. of Spain, who found delight in the freest of Titian's mythological poesies, found edification in contemplating Jerome Bosch's pictorial sermons. That aspect of his art, for all its historical curiosity, must not detain us. What is important is the strange paradox that this reactionary moralizing mediævalist was a born painter, much more so, indeed, than many of his contemporaries, like Patinir, who were sensitive to Renaissance ideas."

It is odd that Mr. Fry should find it strangely paradoxical that a man as passionately preoccupied with the problem of morality as Bosch should be a good painter, too. No great artist is merely a pair of painter's hands, and Mr. Fry might well let the moral aspect of Bosch's art detain him. Unlike his favourite Rubens, Bosch was clearly an abnormally sensitive man, sensitive in more ways than one, sensitive especially to the contrast between material beauty and moral disorder. He probably knew the difference between moral and immoral experience and the states of mind consequent on such experiences. He was impelled to express them visually, and in studying the result it is a limitation to leave untouched the preoccupation which

determined the shapes in his pictures, and the intensity with which they were realized. It seems very simple, as it also seems easy to understand why Bosch influenced not only Philip II., but El Greco and Goya, both of them artists who regarded it as not the least interesting part of their business to give plastic form to ideas beyond the world of pure æsthetic. Mr. Fry's enthusiasm for Rubens is comprehensible, but it is worth his consideration that Rubens has been less justified in his descendants than Bosch. As compared with El Greco and Goya, we have small use for Etty, or even for Delacroix, to-day.

Apart from this disregard for the non-artistic sources of works of art, Mr. Fry's essay, it need hardly be said, has high distinction. In a less amplified form it was delivered as a lecture at the Queen's Hall with reference to the Flemish Exhibition at Burlington House in the spring, and everyone who heard it and everyone who enjoyed the exhibition will want to possess it. As one expects from Messrs. Chatto & Windus, the format is pleasing, and the photographic reproductions, over thirty in number, many of them full (quarto) page, are excellent.

PRINCES AND TROUBADOURS

Trails of the Troubadours. By RAIMON DE LOI. (Long. 12s. 6d.)

THIS book about the troubadours and the Middle Ages is not an easy one to review owing to its bewildering inconsistency. Let the critic judge it in general terms, be praising or derogatory, or even take the middle luke-warm course, and he will find himself falling into all kinds of excesses of falsehood. "Very witty," he will think, lighting upon something quite penetrating in the middle of a hectic page; and then, turning over to the next, "What a silly schoolboy joke!" After that he will timidly exclaim, "How this robustious author delights in Latinisms and pompous words!" only to alter it into, "How natural he is with monosyllables! What fine Anglo-Saxon!" After that he

Banish Carbon

STANDARDISE on Shell Oil and Petrol

Both are built to give the minimum of carbon, and so to ensure a cleaner, more efficient engine.

PRACTICAL PROOF: Imperial Airways, in a recent 20,000 mile test on a Rolls-Royce engine, found "Triple" Shell Oil (the correct grade for such cars as Austin, Armstrong-Siddeley, Bentley, Rolls-Royce, Humber, Vauxhall, etc.) gave "unusual freedom from carbon" and "notable reduction in wear."

Shell Petrol, too, is blended to give clean and complete combustion.

Banish Carbon—and its bad effects—by standardising on Shell Oil and Shell Petrol.

SHELL
Motor Oil and Petrol
The Anti-Carbon Pair

will write a note upon his occasional lapses into hideous illiteracy. Strangest of all, Raimon de Loi can suddenly digress from jolly or jarring colloquialism into something like fine style. He can even be impressively eloquent. The fact of the matter is the chapters are written in the form of popular lectures, though Raimon de Loi does not say so. Readers will sometimes be moved to admire him for the entertaining way he has presented his information or laid on his mediæval colour; and then they will be as suddenly checked by a too juvenile passage, and conclude that the book was written for children under fourteen, or even for an infant school:—

"Bénézet started out bravely, and in one hand he held his shepherd's staff and in the other a bit of moldy bread which formed his daily fare. When he reached the Rhone there was no bridge over it, and he had to be ferried across. At last the ferryman, a big black man with a wicked mouth and sores on his face, refused to take him because he thought the little boy didn't have any money."

But the book couldn't have been written for an infant school, for it contains so many violent Americanisms of jargon, doubtful grammar, and spelling. And also passages of this calibre: "The old woman cursed her with a widow's curse, and, pointing to a sow in the middle of the road, said: 'May you have as many sons at one birth as that sow at every litter.' Shortly afterwards the lady was brought to bed of nine sons." Moreover, upon infants the magnificence of the following would be quite lost:—

"Philip read his demands. Of a sudden there was a peal of thunder from an inscrutable sky. The horses reared, and the monarchs, hearing the voice of God, fell apart. They spurred their horses together again to continue the parley, and again there was thunder, more terrible and more awful than before. And there were no clouds in the sky, and there was no rain in the air, and there was no wind from the north, only the two monarchs in the center of the field, and the proud, scornful army on the one side, and the small handful of men on the other; and one of the kings was sick unto death; and an impotent God spoke from a sky of brass!"

That, the description of the dying Henry II.'s meeting with Philip of France, is possibly as legendary as historical; but it is a good example of what the writer can frequently rise to. Very much of the book is about Henry II. and his queen Eleanor; and in general the adventures of the *troubadours* (who frequently, by the way, ought to be called *trouvères*, the Northern French name for the genus) are only used as pegs upon which to hang historical tales of kings, princes, knights, and queens. The book is very discursive, even rambling, and a reader in the middle of a piquant tale will sometimes be thrilled with expectancy only to find himself arriving nowhere, or into the mazes of a quite different narrative. The undramatic form and arrangement continually militate against the really good dramatic style. But it should prove of considerable interest to tourists who are visiting the old French towns. About a third of the book, as regards the general reader, contains rather too much topography, rather too much architecture geography; it is sometimes too much in the nature of a glorified guide-book (or series of lantern lectures), but a recommendation to those who want a fat, inspiring volume for their knapsacks. The pictures by Giovanni Petrina are odd, two or three rather good, but I fail to recognize the mediæval city of Carcassonne in a bridge and five poplars, in spite of a piece of wall and several towers at the top. If this unusual sort of book is Raimon de Loi's first book (as seems to be the case), it should herald something quite excessive.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Advertising, Printing and Art in Commerce. By J. F. PRESTON and E. ARCH. (Chapman & Hall. 16s.)

The authors of this book, to which Sir Robert Hadfield, F.R.S., contributes a preface, have aimed to make it of service to those who desire further knowledge of advertising, to business men who have advertising to place, to students who desire to make advertising their profession, and to those who already occupy subordinate positions in the profession. It is therefore largely an explanatory work, and the authors have confined themselves to the main principles of the art

and science of printed sales promotion, leaving untouched such subjects as window dressing and mechanical signs as being specialized branches of advertising. The book is divided into three sections: (1) The Purpose and Economics of Advertising; (2) The Practice of Advertising; and (3) Engraving and Printing. The authors have dealt exhaustively and informatively with these three phases of modern advertising, and the book is illustrated with some very interesting reproductions of present and past advertisements. The authors are to be congratulated upon their detailed treatment of the economics of advertising, the book being free from the generous, meaningless phrases about the costs of advertising which vitiate the value of otherwise reliable text-books. The section which is devoted to engraving and printing is likely to have a special value to beginners in advertising. The book is certainly interesting, and will be especially valuable to all who are interested in sales problems.

The Advertisers' A.B.C., 1927. (T. B. Browne. 21s.)

It is somewhat surprising to learn from the preface that this Annual for Advertisers is in its forty-first year of publication. There are, roughly, eight hundred pages, divided into nine sections, and special attention is directed by the Editor to a short epitome on the Law and Practice affecting Trade Marks. Section One consists of reproductions of some successful advertisements, whilst Section Two embraces a number of editorial articles on Advertising. The remaining sections are detailed indexes and directories of London and provincial newspapers and magazines, Billposters, and British Overseas Dominions and Foreign Newspapers and Periodicals.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

H.M.V. RECORDS

A VERY fine vocal record is Gota Ljungberg, soprano, singing "Ave Maria" (Bach-Gounod) and César Franck's "Panis Angelicus" (12-in. record DB 962, 8s. 6d.). In the "Ave Maria," which Gounod based on a Prelude of Bach's, Isolde Menges plays the violin obbligato; the "Panis Angelicus" is very beautiful, and the accompaniment is organ, 'cello, and piano. Another good vocal record is by Michele Fleta, tenor; he sings two famous songs from Verdi and Donizetti, "Celeste Aida, forma divina" from "Aida" and "Una Vergine" from "La Favorita" (12-in. record DB 1053, 8s. 6d.).

For those who like Scotch songs we can recommend "The Laird o' Cockpen" and "Dumbarton's Drums," sung by the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, and recorded at the Queen's Hall (E 456, 4s. 8d.).

Mr. Mark Hambourg's great skill as a pianist is not heavily tried in two light and pleasant pieces, Grainger's "Handkerchief Dance" and Wolf-Ferrari's Intermezzo No. 2 in G, "Jewels of the Madonna" (B 2478, 3s.). Another instrument record is "Only a Rose" from "The Vagabond King" and Schubert's Serenade, played on the Wurlitzer Organ by Reginald Foort (B 2491, 3s.).

The following are two new dance records: "Cuddle Up" and "Muddy Water," foxtrots, Jack Hylton (B 5298, 3s.), and "A Little Birdie Told Me So" and "Where's the Rainbow," foxtrots, Roger Wolf Kahn (B 5292, 3s.).

BOOKS TO ENJOY IN SUMMER-TIME



At every Bookshop of W. H. Smith & Son can be seen a representative stock of the books which are most in demand in Summer-time. Current magazines, popular novels, books about gardening and summer sports, guide-books for holiday-makers and maps for motorists, are obtainable at all W.H.S. Branches. If your local branch is a small bookstall only, any book not in stock can be quickly obtained for you from the huge stocks at Head Office.

W. H. SMITH & SON
1,250 BRANCHES IN ENGLAND AND
PARIS :: WALES :: BRUSSELS
Head Office: Strand House, London, W.C.2



For Summer days

HOWEVER you spend your summer holidays, you will be all the happier for the companionship of a portable gramophone, but it always pays to buy the best. The New "His Master's Voice" Portable has the true "His Master's Voice" tone—a tone unobtainable in any other gramophone—yet it is light in weight, compact as an attaché case, and costs only £7.

The NEW

"His Master's Voice" Portable Gramophone

PRICES

Black Leather Waterproof Cloth, £7, and De Luxe Models in Brown, Blue or Grey Crocodile Cloth £8:10
Red Leather - £11:0



Portable models carry Records in lid. Your dealer will be pleased to give you full particulars and demonstration.

THE GRAMOPHONE CO., LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE OWNER-DRIVER

AN INEXPENSIVE WEYMANN SALOON

ALTHOUGH it is only a month since the Rover Company publicly announced their new 10-25 h.p. models, there are a good many to be seen on the road, and the Weymann Saloon is attracting an extraordinary amount of attention. A couple of days ago a friend of mine, who had declared that he would not buy a new car this season, brought one of these £250 saloons for me to look at. Ignorant of the fact that I had just returned it, after a run over my favourite test route, he pressed me to take the wheel and go out for a spin with him. What had caused him to break his vow? I asked.

With enthusiasm he declared that a few minutes' run had sufficed to cause him to fall in love with the car. "The coachwork is a revelation," he said; "there is as much room in front as in my 16 —, and the ventilation is an improvement on anything I have found yet. I had always had a fear that in a small saloon one would feel boxed in, but one can open this one-piece windscreen and drive at speed without experiencing a draught. I have also tried the back seat, with roof light and windscreen open, and there is no cold swirl round the back of the neck. I have seen nothing yet in the way of a small saloon that has interested me so much."

The Rover Company has certainly struck a winner with this well-designed four-door Weymann fabric body, with adjustable front seat and a rear compartment 48 inches wide. I know many cars costing twice as much money which are not to be compared with this little saloon for comfort.

As an advocate of single-piece windscreens I am greatly interested in the Rover design. It gives the maximum amount of visibility, and the current of air admitted when the foot of the screen is opened, is deflected to the ceiling, so with the roof ventilator open a stream of fresh air can be maintained without the least discomfort, even if the sliding windows are closed.

With very wide front doors, leather upholstery, ceiling lamp, rear window blind operated from the driving seat, and a generously equipped *facia* board, the coachwork is indeed exceptionally attractive.

This new "10-25" is the trusty "Nippy Nine" in a new guise, with a rather bigger engine bore and a few other improvements, so, although a fresh model, there is nothing experimental either about the power-unit or chassis. Even with a saloon body the acceleration is remarkably good, and on give-and-take main roads the little Rover will do over "40" without the slightest sensation of fussiness.

I was a bit dubious as to how it would behave on some of my test hills, but even when the speed was allowed to drop to 14 or 15 miles an hour on top gear, a change to "second" led to a remarkable pick-up and a steady rise of the speedometer needle to over 20 miles an hour. On a gradient of 1 in 7 this was rather a severe test for a car of this type, for in ordinary driving one would change down on such steep hills before the speed fell below the legal limit. Intelligently handled, the little Rover makes an astonishingly fine show on hills.

This Weymann saloon is going to be a very popular model, and I have not the least doubt that its success will greatly stimulate the production of such bodies for low-powered chassis. When thoughtfully designed they are very easily kept clean.

Fabric coachwork should not be left standing for hours in the blistering rays of a hot sun, but if reasonable care is exercised and the top treated occasionally with a leather dressing, bodies of this nature should continue to give satisfaction.

It is now definitely known that there are at least two cars which will not be reduced in price next season. It is a good sign that two new models—medium-powered six-cylinder cars, by the way—are in such demand that the makers are satisfied they will not be forced to cut prices, but I think we may safely read more than that into these manufacturers' announcements. My own conviction is that many wise men in the industry realize future prosperity depends not upon cutting down quality but on maintaining the high reputation of British material and workmanship.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Mr. Rayner Roberts has for many years been recognized as an exceptionally well-informed writer on motoring subjects, and his wide experience as an Owner-Driver is at the service of our readers. Communications should be addressed to the Motor Editor, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE difficulty just now in the broker's office is to find good industrial investments. The average client has had his fill for the moment of fixed-interest securities. The gilt-edged market has had its rise, following on the reductions in the re-discount rates of the Federal Reserve Banks and the improvement in the sterling-dollar exchange, and the plethora of new issues seems to have made the market in foreign Government or Corporation issues somewhat stale. The public wants more home industrial investments of the variable-interest type which offer some prospect of capital appreciation as well as good security. What is there to suggest? The heavy industries and export trades are depressed. The index (INVESTORS' CHRONICLE) for coal shares has fallen 9.1 points in the last two months, and for iron and steel shares 5.4 points, while textile shares show no signs of recovery.

On the other hand, speculation has carried the shares of certain leaders in the "miscellaneous" group (the specialized industries) to prices which make them less of an investment and more of a speculation. For example, Dunlops have now the highest individual figure in the INVESTORS' CHRONICLE index numbers, having risen from 410.3 to 432.5 during July. Gramophones and Columbia Graphophones spurt one after the other to new high levels. A dividend distribution of 35 per cent. is now being suggested for Gramophones £1 shares, against 20 per cent. in 1926, while the present price of Columbia Graphophone 10s. shares suggests that a distribution of about 70 per cent. is being discounted, against 40 per cent. for the previous year. Bryant & May, Swedish Match, and Imperial Chemical are other sound industrial investments standing at prices which seem to discount much of the immediate future.

In these circumstances it is probable that more attention will be given to the more speculative type of investment. Here, again, supply is limited. For the moment the Rand gold mining companies are under the shadow of a temporary labour shortage, while the diamond companies wait upon the fate of the Precious Stones Bill in the Cape Parliament. Oil is still suffering from over-production in America, although Shell and Royal Dutch can be regarded as sound industrial investments. The tea and rubber share markets are therefore becoming more active. The index for tea shares has now moved up from 127.3 to 144.7 in the last three months. The rubber share market is at last beginning to show signs of life. In this case everything will depend upon the level of world rubber stocks in the next few months. At the end of last year stocks were 228,000 tons; on April 30th, 1927, 273,000 tons; and on June 30th, 251,000 tons. If they fall, as it is suggested, to 231,000 tons by December 31st, the rubber share market will be much less narrow than it is to-day.

A purchase of rubber shares can only be justified on the hope that the demand for rubber, which in the first half of the year amounted to 306,000 tons, against a supply of 329,000 tons, will continue to show a slight increase. In the last six months demand was met, roughly, as to half from "unrestricted" areas, and half from "restricted" areas, including the unused export coupons. The "restricted" supplies were, in fact, equivalent to 71½ per cent. of the "standard" assessment. But "standard" is now settling down to 60 per cent. Will the result be a rise in the price of rubber? That, in a few words, is the basis of the "bull" position in the rubber share market. We think the following shares will attract buyers if rubber stocks continue to decline:—

	Bah Lias. £1 shs. Oct. 31, '26	Kajang. £1 shs. Dec. 31, '26	Consolidated Malay. 2s. shs. Dec. 31, '26	Kampong Kuantan. 2s. shs. Dec. 31, '26
Capital	£851,218	£75,000	£75,000	£44,088
Year to	9.66d.	8.51d.	9.69d.	7.46d.
Cost of production per lb.	2s. 0.65d.	1s. 8.62d.	1s. 10.67d.	1s. 6.70d.
Average selling price per lb.	£186,160	£24,900	£24,135	£28,407
Net Profit	85%	27½%	66½%	75%
Dividends (Total) ...	50s.	43s.	10s. 6d.	12s.
Price	14%	12½%	12½%	12½%
Yield				

